

Week ending November 29 1958

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CAN NIXON STILL REACH THE WHITE HOUSE?

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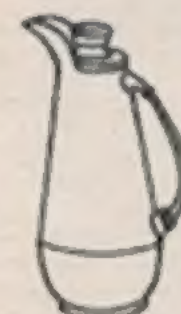
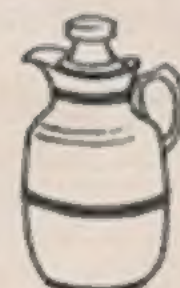
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The Cover



OF course there's a Santa Claus. From the end of November, he can be found anywhere from the wardrobe hat rack to the car boot. And he's never so near as when Mother breaks her home-coming routine to dash straight upstairs before looking into the living-room to kiss Father. Nobody's fooled, of course, least of all the children. "The whereabouts of everybody's personal Santa Claus," says cover artist Zelinski, "is always the best kept open secret in the house."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Dull Progress

I THOUGHT I believed in progress. Now that I have children I know how deadly dull it is. My three-year-old daughter's generation will be the last to remember the delight of giving sugar to the horse which brought the milk cart. Her one-month-old brother will be lucky if he can remember the roar of a powerful locomotive bursting through the station in a cloud of steam.

What thrill can our high-flying jets offer compared with that of an old prewar biplane stunting over the chimney pots—or the magnificence of an airship?

I can remember when fire engines clanged through the streets with gleaming-helmeted heroes hanging grimly on instead of skulking inside like soldiers in a Trojan horse. I'm glad I was born yesterday.—P. H., Harrow, Middlesex.

Cold Toes

So Scottish beds are shorter than those in England ("Free Speech," November 1). This makes me wonder whether the Scottish models are installed in English hospitals.

Hospital beds are always too short for me—I am five feet seven inches.

And my husband—he is six feet four inches—suffers even more. There was an occasion in one hospital, when he could not be fitted into any bed. They had to tuck him up on a stretcher. And he remained there even after undergoing an operation.—MRS. M. L. WALTON, Bodicote, Banbury, Oxon.

"Because of space considerations, a few hospitals do install beds which are shorter than normal," says a bedding manufacturer.

"But, normally, beds supplied to hospitals are of the length laid down in 1951 by the British Standards Institution. They have a mattress length of six feet two inches to six feet three inches."

Pram Breed

I intended sending a snapshot of my three-month-old son to friends in Wales. But, by an unfortunate accident, I posted a picture of a neighbour's child, who is about the same age as mine.

I received by return from Wales an ecstatic letter. It stressed the "startling likeness" between the child and my husband.

"But," they told me firmly, "there's no mistaking the fact that he has your eyes."

Surely this shows that a great deal of nonsense is spoken by those who claim to perceive family resemblances in babies.—R. L., Barnsley, Yorkshire.

A Dim Age

Travelling on the underground railway, I have noticed that the proportion of persons wearing spectacles in my compartment varies from one third to half.

Does this mean that we are rapidly approaching an age when naturally good vision is rare?—L. REYNOLDS, Birch Crescent, Hornchurch, Essex.

"There's no evidence that eyesight today is any worse than it ever was," says the Guild of Dispensing

Opticians. "But in the old days persons with defective vision were often unaware of the fact. In any case, many could not afford spectacles. Social legislation has changed all that."

"Remember, too, that at one time many people refused to wear spectacles in public because they were considered unsightly. But modern spectacles often improve the general appearance."

Youth Line

So a father blames us young people because, according to him, we no longer "scrump" apples ("Free Speech," November 8).

Would this gentleman chuckle happily if one day he found his



well-laden apple tree not so generously endowed? Or would he growl remarks to the effect that we are just a pack of hooligans?

Just what are we youngsters supposed to do? If we avoid trouble, we are told that we lack spirit. If we get into mischief, we are accused of being undisciplined rowdies.—ROY S. SALMONS, Penchwinan Road, Bangor, North Wales.

Outside In

Some houses are numbered on the inside as well as the outside, in this quaint little Lancashire town of Garstang.

Although I have lived here for thirty years I have never been able to discover the reason for this. Even the oldest natives cannot enlighten me.—ARTHUR HAUGHTON, Bridge Street, Garstang.

"There's a very simple reason," says Garstang Post Office. "Long ago, doors from some condemned houses were installed in newer homes. They were turned inside out in the process. Residents kept the original numbers and fixed fresh ones on the street side."

Talking Trouble

Listening to the orators at Hyde Park, I felt sure that they must be breaking some law or other in this regulation-ridden age. Are they?—GEORGE CAMERON, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11.

"A regulation-ridden age, certainly," says a barrister. "But there is still a great deal of freedom of speech and the orators are not committing any offence unless they try, for instance, to provoke a breach of the peace."

Bondage

My sister is also godmother to my eleven-year-old daughter. She took the child to a post office, intending to buy her a Premium Bond. But the clerk refused to sell her one.

The clerk claimed that he was within his rights as my sister was neither parent nor guardian of the

child. Was he justified? If so, it seems a strange way of boosting the sale of the bonds.—H. BATESON, Ripon Street, Preston, Lancs.

"On the facts stated, the clerk was wrong," says the G.P.O. "The regulation is that any responsible person may buy Premium Bonds on behalf of a person under the age of sixteen. Clearly, a godmother falls into that category."

Church Service

So churches are accused of lacking comfort ("Free Speech," November 8). But that is a charge from which they emerge triumphant.

Churches offer better accommodation to their supporters (at cheaper rates) than is available at football and cricket matches, in theatre galleries and circuses.

In most churches, too, one is cool in summer, warm in winter and dry in a storm.

There would not be the least objection if those who feel the need were to bring air cushions to the services.—MRS. NORAH EDWARDS, The Rectory, Moreton, Wirral.

Tyre Test

The reference to tubeless tyres for bicycles ("Free Speech," November 1) reminds me of the time, more than sixty years ago, when I worked at a factory where we made just such a product.

When prospective buyers arrived, one of my brothers (he was the manager) placed two planks on the ground. One of them was covered with broken glass. The other had nails driven through it, points upward.

Then my brother mounted a bicycle equipped with ordinary tyres, which were quickly punctured on the planks. But when he did the



same trip on a machine with our tyres there was never a sign of a puncture.—MRS. M. SMITH, Elm Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

"Yes, we know about those ingenious tyres," says a large manufacturer. "The edges of the cover had overlapping toes, which held together under air pressure."

"At that time the rims of bicycle wheels were usually heavy and airtight, making such tubeless tyres possible. But modern bicycle rims cannot contain air under pressure."

Hatched Out

I have heard it said that if cigarette lighters had been invented first, we would have thought of matches as a blessing.

I was reminded of that while having supper with friends. Our hostess cooked an excellent meal, which she served through the hatch from the kitchen. But she had to walk through the breakfast-room and hall to reach the dining-room, in order to sit down for each course.

How much simpler it would have



TASTE MY SOUTH AFRICAN DISCOVERY!

says the Duke of Bedford

"Mmm. What wonderful sherry, your Grace. Where did you find it?"

"In Paarl, the three-hundred-year-old wine-growing district in South Africa."

"And you discovered it yourself?"

"Yes, when I went to South Africa in 1945 I was very impressed with the wine. I lived on my farm in Paarl for eight years, you know."

"So you came back to Woburn in 1953."

"Yes. To another discovery. South African sherry travels so well, it never

loses the taste of sunshine. We've enough downstairs to float a Union Castle liner."

"That must be awfully expensive."

"Just the opposite. South African sherry gets Commonwealth Preference. Less import duty on every bottle. Saves us pounds every year."

"If it isn't a family secret, where can I buy it?"

"This secret's too good to keep. Ask any good wine merchant or off-licence. He'll be happy to show you his selection of South African sherries."

Issued by the South African Wine Farmers Association (London) Ltd.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Plastic edging strip.** The new self-adhesive plastic sheeting like Fablon or Con-Tact, which has given new life to many a kitchen table, has one disadvantage. Neat edges which stay neat are difficult for the amateur to achieve. Now Multicraft, of 5 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1, have come to the rescue with a plastic edging strip which gives a really professional finish. This strip is made of P.V.C. in two types—rigid "hockey-stick" section which butts a little above the table top, to keep the sheeting firmly in place, and flexible flat edging in three widths, which is stuck or screwed to the edge of the table. Made in eight colours, the "hockey stick" edging costs about 9d. a foot, and is $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. The flexible edging costs about 6d. a foot, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide; 5d., $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide; and 4d., $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide (in red and black only).

● **Clear windows.** In bathrooms or kitchens where the mist of condensation so often dims your view, you can help matters by wiping windows and mirrors regularly with an old rag dipped in glycerine and methylated spirit.

● **Silver lining.** If the inside of a silver teapot is badly stained, it can be cleaned by filling it with hot water to which a lump of washing soda has been added.

● **Two-way towel rail.** Fix a short towel rail to the front of the drawer in your kitchen table instead of a drawer handle. You can hang a hand towel on it, and use it as a drawer handle.

● **Looking after brushes.** Paint brushes will last the home decorator years if they are well looked after. After use, you should dabble them in Polyclens brush cleaner and wash them under the tap. This will remove all traces of paint, and leave them soft and workable for next time you use

them. Polyclens costs 2s. 6d. a bottle from paint shops and iron-mongers (not 3s. 6d. as stated in an earlier issue.)

● **Handle to match.** Door handles are one of the finishing touches to room decoration. But so often they bear no relation to the room they are in. The "Do-it-yourself" handle is an exception. This has a sturdy chrome grip with a thick clear Perspex facing which can be unscrewed for the insertion of a small panel of wallpaper, curtain material or trimming. This Spenbro handle, made by Plastocraft Products (Darwen), Ltd., Spenbro Works, Whitehall, Darwen, Lancs, costs 7s. 6d.

● **Cleaning tip.** Vanishing face cream will sometimes remove marks from plaster ornaments.

● **Man-made pillow.** An all-Terylene pillow has come on to the market. This spells good news for hay-fever sufferers, as this pillow will not aggravate their ailment, while being just as soft and comfortable as down. The Terylene filling will not be affected by hard wear. The Terylene covering is cool to the touch. No need to worry about moths—they don't like man-made fibres. This pillow, made by Somnus, measures 27 in. by 18 in., and costs 45s.

CAN I HELP?

I like to hear about other people's homes. If you have ideas to share with other readers please send them to me, with photographs or rough drawings where possible. If you have a home-making problem I shall be glad to help you if you will write to me, Roger Smithells, c/o JOHN BULL AND ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Free Speech

continued from page 3

been if the builder had put an old-fashioned door where the modern hatch was placed.—MRS. S. GOODMAN, Fog Lane, Didsbury, Manchester, 20.

Merry Museum

I took my son to a museum where children were welcomed with mimeographed papers giving details of the exhibits and listing questions about them. They also received a pencil and a hardboard block on which to rest the papers.

Then began a game in which the attendants helped the children complete the questionnaire. Their delight can be imagined.

It was no hush-hush place, this. It was the London Museum. We left it feeling that more people should know about it.—MRS. ELSIE WARNE, Fulwell Park Avenue, Twickenham, Middlesex.

Pay Up

I had my eyes examined by a specialist to whom I paid a fee and he prescribed spectacles.

The optician to whom I took the prescription then said that I must pay for his services since my first consultation was not given under the National Health Act. I am

wondering why we pay National Health Insurance.—C. F. MARTIN, Norton Road, Kingsthorpe, Northampton.

"A person who begins with a private consultation cannot reasonably expect to switch in the middle of it to Health Service benefits," says the Ministry. "In any case the forms necessary to get spectacles under the N.H.S. would not be issued after a private consultation."

Disaster Rations

In view of the recent experience of miners involved in the Canadian pit disaster, I suggest that it would be useful to have supplies of food, water and medicines available.

These could be placed in containers at various strategic points in the pits, so as to be within reach of anyone who is trapped.—M. E. EDWARDS, Norwood, London, S.E.19.

"The men at Springhill were isolated in a small section of the mine, and it would be virtually impossible to guard at every part of a mine against this kind of emergency," says the National Coal Board. "First-aid sets are already stored underground in all mines—near the coal-face and at the bottom of the shaft."



PERSONAL TAILORING

NEEDS

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There is no denying that the conventional loose-fitting Raglan or Chesterfield is still the most popular of all styles for both country and town wear. Every Hepworth branch has a wonderful selection in tweeds, West-of-Englands, wool and cashmere or cheviots. If you wish you can have the material you choose made to your measure—hand-cut and individually tailored by Hepworth craftsmen. Most important of all, there is a price to suit every pocket. Overcoats from £7. 19. 6 to £15. 15. 0; Gaberdine raincoats from £5. 19. 6 to £13. 5. 0.

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Where the **GOOD CLOTHES** come from



See Happy Happy in the window—the symbol of good tailoring!

Penny knew now that she had married triangle. The third corner of it was a

IT was the beginning of the dry season when Johnny Shand found the little lioness crouching beside the dead body of her mother. He picked her up, took her home, found a bottle and a teat, and diluted some condensed milk. Soon she was feeding from the bottle, lying on her back with her paws wrapped around it.

He called her Kali, and she became a pet and played with the dogs like a big, ungainly pup. Tame lions are not uncommon in the Kenya backveld.

Mat Macey, the game warden, called in one day to check on a rogue elephant that was playing havoc among the native villages in the area. Kali bounded up to him, and he scratched her ears.

"Nice cub, Shandy," Mat said.

"She's all right. Smart as a whip."

"I used to have a lion. Blackie, remember?"

Shand nodded. "I remember Blackie. What happened to him?"

"He got too big and knocked down one of my African scouts. Maybe he didn't mean any harm, but I had to shoot him."

"Why didn't you send him to a zoo?"

The game warden lit his pipe, thinking of Blackie, and the way he'd felt when he loaded the revolver and called the lion from his pen in the compound. . . . "No good," he said slowly. "I tried, but no zoo wanted a lion then. And I didn't like the idea of Blackie being behind bars." He watched Kali bounding across the dusty space before the house. "I'll never keep another lion as a pet. Hurts too much when they have to go."

"I know that, Mat. But what can you do? This little cuss now—she'll have a happy couple of years, anyway."

"I suppose so. But you can't tamper with nature."

The cub was scuffling with a half-grown alsatian, growling, spitting and getting bowled over by the frisky young dog. The men laughed at her.

"What d'you call her, Shandy?"

"Kali."

"A good name."

It was. It was too good a name. Kali in Kiswahili means fierce, sharp, angry. The word comes, like so much of the language, from India. And the terrible Being who bears the name Kali is the Hindu goddess of destruction. . . .

ON an East African farm time goes by quickly. You live a busy life and the seasons slip by before you can rightly appreciate the wicked glory of dust and bush fires, the brilliant green of the planting rains, the deep chanting of Africans at reaping time, the restless movement of the game herds, migrating across the yellowing plains.

Kali grew up. She began to lose the baby spots that mark the grey-brown of a young lion's coat. Now she was too big to play with the dogs, although she still tried. She weighed more than two hundred pounds and ate a dozen pounds of meat every day.

Johnny Shand taught her tricks. She could beg like a dog and dive through a hoop made from an old truck tyre. She would jump on the tailboard of his truck when he went round the farm.

He was a lonely man, a big, good-looking Englishman with a slow smile, and Kali became his favourite pet. She had become quite famous. People began dropping in to see her, because they had heard of the lioness who was tame as a dog.

And Kali altered her master's life. Shand had been a shy man, reserved

except with a few cronies. Now he seemed to blossom out. He started taking an interest in the district's peculiar troubles, and was elected to the management board of the farmers' co-operative. He played polo for the district team.

He even got married.

For a long time Johnny Shand had dreamed of the day he would ask Penny Dows to be his wife, but he had never plucked up enough courage even to ask her for a dance at the weekly hop at the farmers' club.

PENNY was the District Commissioner's daughter, a fair, happy girl who had been secretly in love with Johnny Shand for years. She went out one day to see his famous pet, and one long, searching look into Johnny's face made her forget Kali. Before the dry season came around once more, they were married in the mission church at Kiambu, and after a honeymoon at Mombasa they moved into the house on Johnny's farm with the flame trees guarding the front door and jacarandas lining the big courtyard where Kali would play in the cool of the evening.

They were very happy. They were a perfectly matched pair, with interests in common—farming, polo, animals, district gossip—and Penny adored the lioness which had brought them together.

Until one day something rather frightening happened.

Kali was then just over two years old. She was lying in the shade of a tree in the yard on one of those hot, still days just before the big rains, apparently somnolent and bored with life.

She was used to Penny by now, and accepted her as her mistress. When Penny gave the commands, Kali would go through her repertoire of tricks. When evening came and Johnny and Penny dined on the veranda in night things and dressing gowns, Kali would often nuzzle up to Penny, laying her

great head on the girl's knee. It was a perfect relationship.

But today something went wrong. Penny walked out with Johnny to the truck, just as he was going off to the lands to check the crop for coffee blight. Awkwardly and casually, as her nature was, she said: "Darling, I had better not come along, today. I saw Doc Sayers yesterday, and he said it might be bad for me."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Johnny said.

"Well, my dear, if I wasn't pregnant by now, it would mean something was rather wrong with one of us, wouldn't it?"

Before the gaping audience of Turkhana labourers, Johnny took her in his arms. Penny persuaded him not to race into town and order champagne, but to take things easy, go on his tour of inspection and return for lunch, when they could discuss this great new aspect of their lives together sensibly and practically.

Kali watched all this, head on paws. As Penny walked past her towards the house, the lioness snarled, rose, and whipped out a great paw armed with claws as hard as razor steel. She slashed Penny's skirt to ribbons, and then crouched, snarling, spitting hatred. "It was as if she was jealous of me," Penny said afterwards.

SHE was a brave girl. She gathered the shreds of her skirt together, faced the lioness and said, loudly and very firmly: "Kali, you bad girl, you must have been dreaming. Now lie down and no more nonsense."

For a moment the lioness stood snarling, her hackles up; then she lay down, submissive and obedient, the killing rage gone from her golden eyes.

If Johnny Shand had waited to hear of the incident from his wife's lips, he might have waited forever. Out of a strange sense of loyalty to him, Penny kept silent. She knew that if she spoke

Johnny would shoot the lioness, even if it broke his heart. And something would have gone out of their lives, the trust and friendship of a wild thing that had given them all the love her strange, savage heart was capable of.

It was from the house-boys that Johnny Shand heard of Kali's attack on Penny, and nothing Penny said could dissuade him from shooting Kali at once.

"You might have been killed," he said. "Anything might have happened, Penny."

"I'm sure she didn't mean it."

"Mean it or no, she's too big and she's getting dangerous. She'll have to go."

"Isn't there some other way, Johnny? Zoos are very kind to their animals. Couldn't you find out if a zoo would take her?"

He shook his head stubbornly. "Leave this to me, Penny. We can't take chances. You're expecting our child, my darling, and I'd never forgive myself if anything happened."

She watched, white-faced and silent, as he went to the cupboard where his rifles were kept, loaded a sporting gun and walked out into the white blaze of sunlight. She waited for the sound of the shot, but it did not come. In a moment Johnny was back again.

"I couldn't do it, Penny," he said.

"I went out there and she thought I'd brought her meat. She begged. . . ." He unloaded the gun. "I'll have the boys build a strong corral for her, and go and see Mat. He may have some ideas."

"Couldn't we just take her out into the bush and let her go?"

"They say a tame lion is always killed by the wild ones. I don't know. Mat will be able to tell me, though."

All that afternoon the labourers hammered stakes into the hard earth. By evening a corral was built, and Kali was closed in behind a seven-foot-high

Deadly rival

by ALASTAIR SCOBIE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

into a weird and terrifying full-grown lioness . . .

wall of logs, topped by a tangle of thorn branches and looped fencing wire.

That night she roared, the coughing, grunting roar of a full-grown lioness. And from somewhere in the bush a voice answered her. It echoed across the flat, moonlit face of the veld, starting in a series of soft, eager coughs, ending in a hoarse, vibrating roar that made the panes of the window by Penny's bed shake. She sat up, listening to the big male lion out there challenging the night with his voice.

Then Kali replied. And again came the voice of the male out of the velvet dark of the bush. It was a wild, haunting duet of courtship.

Johnny said tightly: "That settles it, I'm afraid. We can't have *him* come visiting his lady-love. I'll go over to Mat's place first thing tomorrow."

THERE was a drive of a hundred miles south to the hill bungalow where Mat Macey lived. As Johnny Shand drove, the desert gazelles raced his car and the giraffes loped off with their strange heads bobbing against a background of grey thunderhead clouds. The annual miracle of the big rains was near and the animals could smell it. The delicious scent of rain seemed to go to their heads and make them drunk, so that they cavorted and romped gaily; even the ungainly wildebeeste and the

fat little zebras felt the rain and raced in wheeling squadrons across the bush under their clouds of red dust.

Watching these antics from his wide veranda, the game warden listened to Johnny Shand's story.

"The set-up could have all the makings of a tragedy," he said at last, when the farmer had finished. "You know what you must do—and if you can't face the job yourself, I'll do it for you."

"Thanks, Mat, but if she has to go—I'll have to pull the trigger myself. If there was any way. . . ."

"There isn't. No kind way, that is. You've given her over two years of pleasant life she wouldn't have had otherwise. That's the only way to look at it."

"Mat, do you think she could be jealous of Penny? Does it sound crazy?"

"Of course not. Animals do get jealous, you know that."

"But she's so human. . . . Look, Mat, what about just letting her loose in the bush?"

"After you've fed her since birth? No. How can she learn to hunt? It isn't instinctive—a lion learns her hunting from her mama."

"Are you sure she'd die?"

"How can I be sure? I'm talking from common sense and observation, that's all. And a zoo won't take her

Suddenly Kali snarled and spat hatred. As Penny passed, a huge paw armed with claws as hard as steel struck at her viciously



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continued from previous page

either; the game trappers tell me they have their quota of lions and more."

"Well, it seems that's that. Thanks, Mat." Johnny Shand got to his feet. "It sounds crazy to be so attached to a lion."

"Sit down and relax, Shandy."

The farmer shook his head. "I must get back. If it has to be done, the sooner the better."

"Come here and look at the sky," Mat said. "You aren't going back today. The rain's blowing up over the hills and by midnight the Great Munia River will be in flood. You'd best leave in the morning, my boy, if you don't want to sleep out—and sleep wet."

"Penny's alone. . . ."

"Don't be stubborn. She won't expect you tonight."

"That's true enough. She asked me to make two days of the trip."

"Wise girl. There's brandy in the cupboard there. Pour yourself a glass and let's watch these crazy animals."

By night the rain had set in hard, slanting before the first, fitful puffs of the monsoon wind. Alone in the farmhouse, Penny could not sleep. She got up and switched on the radio, but reception was poor, and at midnight the crackling voice of the announcer said good night and left her with only the thunder and rain on the roof. In the corral outside, Kali roared her unrest in short, grunting coughs.

Then came an answer, terrifyingly near at hand, the great voice of the big male lion, seeming to shake the house even above the noise of the rain.

Penny stood frozen, perhaps more with awe than fright. The house was closed and barred. The big brute outside could not get in, even if he wanted to.

She went and looked out of the window, trying to see through the darkness of the rain-wet night. Lightning flamed an instant, giving her a glimpse of a moving shadow near the corral. The lion roared as if in reply to the voice of the thunder, and then there were sounds of movement in the darkness, followed by a sudden high scream of a beast in pain or terror, the thrashing of a great body and snarling, terrible gouts of sound.

Penny ran to the sideboard, found the torch that lay there, flung open the window without even thinking of the danger, and switched the white ray of light towards the corral. A great black-maned lion was caught in the untidy tangle of wire and branches on the top of the stockade. He had jumped, it seemed, towards his chosen mate, missed his leap in the dark and was caught now, suspended in a mesh of alien things he did not understand. He screamed his rage and fear as every movement of his huge body tightened the coils of wire about his body, and his great hind feet worked desperately, mechanically to claw himself free.

He would break a leg, Penny thought wildly, or hurt himself some other way in his desperate struggle. Kali, now frightened and in a panic, added her

roaring to that of the trapped beast in the mesh of the wire.

A gun, Penny thought desperately. The only remedy was to shoot the big male before he maimed himself in his struggles.

Afterwards she said she acted by sheer instinct. She ran to the gun cupboard, unlocked it, shone the torch on the guns in their orderly row, on the ammunition boxes. She felt there was no time to load, and flashed the light on the tools clustered by the far wall. There was a wrench, a heap of spanners, a heavy pair of wire-cutters. . . .

She seized the wire-cutters and ran out into the rain. By the stockade the air was heavy with the acrid stink of a great carnivorous beast, like the scent of fear. Penny climbed the stockade a foot from the threshing hind feet and began to cut wire desperately, wildly, sobbing with fear and haste, until suddenly the big body dropped into the darkness. Penny jumped to the ground and ran for the house.

Kumasi, the house-boy, found her lying unconscious across the veranda steps not ten minutes later.

She woke in her own bed. Dr. Briggs, from the mission station, was packing things away in his bag.

"Hello," he said, "you'd better take things easy. You'll be all right, Penny, but I've given you a sedative. Just let yourself relax."

"The lion," Penny said weakly, "did he escape?"

"Both of them escaped. Your precious lady ran off with her boy friend, it seems." He smiled. "I won't comment on her morals, but it might be a happy end to the story. Let's hope so, anyway."

"Have I been out long?"

"Kumasi came running for me at one this morning. You were stirring when I got back, so I just gave you a shot to make you sleep. What you did was pretty crazy, you know."

"I didn't stop to think. If I had. . . ."

"Here comes your husband," the doctor said at the sound of an engine outside. "I sent a man for him in the mission van—just in case."

THEY saw Kali twice again. Once it was when they were driving out to visit friends and they caught a glimpse of her standing near the road, watching. Johnny slowed the truck and the lioness stood a moment, undecided, hesitant, then turned and loped off towards a belt of thorn trees.

The second time was months later, after young Johnny was born. They stopped the truck to watch a pride of lions walking slowly towards the river at evening.

Kali was among them, and she seemed fat and in good condition. Whether she had learned to hunt for herself or feasted on the kills made by the pride, they never knew. She did not even look towards the truck, but just went on with that long, purposeful stride among her friends; a wild thing, at home in the wilderness.

THE END

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NAME

ADDRESS



Once, it seemed that nothing could stop Richard Nixon's sweep to power. Now the tide has turned . . . and it's later than he thinks

Can Nixon still reach the White House?

by R. GORDON ILES

America's Vice-President is Britain's guest this week. He became a senator through a stunt. But he'll need another—after his recent setback—to follow Ike as President

On a vote-catching tour of America's West Coast, at a time when he was already scheduled to visit Britain this week as President Eisenhower's representative, Vice-President Richard Milhous Nixon broke with a long-standing American tradition. In an angry speech, he flayed the opposition Democratic Party on foreign policy issues, customarily kept out of partisan politics, thereby defying his own chief and John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State.

Both of them reacted quickly. In separate statements, they repeated that they did not agree to foreign policy being thrown into the party dogfight.

The double rebuff would have daunted most men. But not Nixon. In a glare of publicity at Los Angeles, he spoke again on foreign affairs. "I intend to continue," he said firmly. Astonishingly, Eisenhower and Dulles made quick about-faces to support him. Eisenhower sent him a semi-apologetic wire, saying: "No one can do this more effectively than you." He went farther. On October 21 he made one of the toughest speeches of his political career, and it closely followed the Nixon line.

"Control of the Republican Party organization and strategy is now clearly passing into the hands of the Vice-President," commented James Reston, chief Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*. Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic leader, added a sad postscript: "All of us realized that when the going got tough for the Republicans the old Nixon would emerge. But even sadder than that is the fact that the old Nixon has been joined by the new Ike."

If the "old Nixon" really was emerging, both his supporters and his opponents could look out for

In Short

On Seeing an X-ray Picture of Myself

Although I've really never been
Entranced with my exterior,
I must admit I'm glad for skin,
My inside's so much eerier.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Note from The Head

I do so sympathize with your wish that Monica should have plenty of chance to show her talents in the School Play; but I have to think of all the girls, you know, and some of them need encouragement more than she does.

The Second Gaoler is a very responsible part and requires an actress who can convey the feelings of the character without the use of words. A bad performance might ruin the Prison Scene.

Back-stage, Monica has a most important job. The dressing-room has no hot water and you can imagine how frayed the nerves of the performers might become without her lovely, steaming cans. At the final Curtain we are having everyone on the stage and you will hear Monica getting her full share of the applause. We expect there will be several Curtains.

You will notice that she appears in two separate places in the programme, of which I am sending you an advance copy. She will also be mentioned in the School Magazine. There will, of course, be a photograph of the cast and naturally she will be included.

I am sure you can feel that her abilities are being fully recognized.

R. G. G. PRICE

Foreign Affairs

After only two days' tuition at Kingsbury School, Memphis, Timothy Meadows, aged six, could read words of four letters. The word PULL, painted on a red box, caught his eager young eye. Timothy pulled — and three thousand pupils dashed out of class for an unscheduled fire drill.

A bridegroom in Taipeh, Formosa, grew impatient when his bride failed to arrive at the altar. News was then brought that she had disappeared several days earlier.

Deciding that there is no time like the present, the jilted groom proposed to a twenty-three year old bridesmaid, was accepted, and the two were married on the spot.

Point of View

HERS

"You look like an old ragbag."

"I said quite plainly, 'Potter's Tea Parlour at half past three.'"

"I can't cook a seven-course meal every day."

"The poor cat never has a moment's peace."

"There's a delightful little hat in Maison Fifi's. . . ."

"I've never met a man more utterly selfish."

"You didn't mend the hand brake properly."

"Could you bring me back a packet of cream crackers?"

HIS

My favourite tweed jacket! It's a glorious bit of cloth, though a trifle old.

There are two Potter's Tea Parlours.

Rice pudding again.

Levered Finnegan gently out of my cap so that I could wear it.

By now it's in her wardrobe.

I would look ridiculous dressed as a pirate at the fancy dress party.

Surely she hasn't backed into next door's car. . . .

Hm. . . . Call at the cleaner's for the purple dress, collect the bananas, paid for, get three library books "as list" and pay the fine — and a packet of cream crackers.

E. CARRAN



Aquabatics

A goldfish swimming in a bowlful
Of water on its own is doleful:
But throw another fish in gratis
And both cavort in jubilatis.

The moral is that we should varium
And place two fish in one aquarium.

NOEL A. JONES

Can Nixon still reach the White House?

continued from previous page

trouble. It was the "old Nixon" who pushed himself up the political ladder with such speed that he was Vice-President of the nation by 1952, only six years after he had been first elected to the House of Representatives and dubbed "the greenest congressman in town."

Some admired, but nobody much liked, the ways in which he did it. At a recent Republican election rally in California a prominent local politician introduced Nixon with an extravagant sweep of his arm as "our own Richard Nixon, the pretender to the U.S. presidency." Cheers and applause filled the hall. But above them, rose a cry from one well-dressed spectator: "He's been a pretender all his life." More cheers, somewhat derisive this time. The incident, though only a minor one, truly reflects the niche that Richard Nixon occupies in American life today.

Admiration . . . contempt

On one side he is admired as a man of strong character and the most influential Vice-President in United States history, the Republican Party's most professional politician and its most likely candidate for the presidential election in 1960. On the other side, which includes many important Republicans, there is little but contempt for him, and deep-seated distrust. To this group he stays "Tricky Dicky," the over-ambitious opportunist of a thousand faces.

There is almost no middle-road thinking about him. People either admire or loathe him. A nationwide poll taken in October showed that only three per cent of those questioned had no strong opinion about him. More importantly, it showed that in the past two years Nixon has won over many new supporters, and has made a giant recovery from the days when he seemed to antagonize about three out of every four Americans.

Certainly he has changed a great deal since a cryptic newspaper advertisement first launched him into American politics twelve years ago.

The advertisement, inserted by some California Republicans, simply said: "Wanted—a congressman candidate with no previous political experience to defeat a man who has represented the district in the House [of Representatives] for ten years. Any young man, preferably a veteran [an ex-Service-man], fair education, no political strings or obligations and possessed of a few ideas for the betterment of the country at large may apply for the job."

Richard Nixon, just out of the navy with the rank of lieutenant-commander, had all the qualifications—especially the negatives ones—and he was selected.

His smear campaign

The congressman, he was opposing was a well-entrenched Democrat, Jerry Voorhis. Something out of the ordinary in electioneering tactics would be needed to unseat him, and Nixon provided it. He began a smear campaign, maintaining that Voorhis stood for Communist principles. While he avoided directly accusing his opponent of being a Red, his pamphlets and speeches were heavy with innuendo. Anonymous telephone callers rang voters day and night to tell them that Voorhis was a Communist.

Even Nixon's enemies give him credit for his craftiness in this campaign. Early in the contest he challenged Voorhis to a five-part debate. For a brash young newcomer to try to out-talk the experienced congressman looked like political suicide, but Nixon had his plans well laid. He confessed later that he knew only a few people would want to come to his rallies, compared with the crowds who would flock to hear his better-known opponent.

When they did roll up, he produced his smear campaign. Voorhis denied the

charges, but the Nixon group ranted on, even going so far as distributing 25,000 plastic thimbles carrying the slogan, *Elect Nixon and Needle the P.A.C.*—the Political Action Committee, at that time housing many Communists and their supporters. It was called "the most underhanded campaign in Californian history." But Nixon won.

To Nixon his tactics may have seemed more justified than they appeared to others. He had always had to fight. His father was a Quaker with Scottish-Irish ancestors, a poor man who drove a tramcar and worked in an oilfield before he scraped together enough money to open a petrol station and grocery store in the Californian town of Whittier.

As a boy Nixon delivered the groceries out of school hours, and studied hard in them. He always had strong views on dishonesty and corruption in high places. Once, reading about graft in the government, he told his mother: "When I get big, I'll be the lawyer they can't bribe."

Nixon needed all his guts when he first arrived in Washington. His agile tongue and his reputed willingness to tackle any Democratic opponent landed him some tricky jobs. Dogged hard work saw him through and it was not very long before he was known as the "Congressional bloodhound."

Ike's 'strong man'

His reputation as a dirty fighter spread farther in 1950 when he fought for a seat in the Senate. This time his Democratic rival was a woman, Helen Gahagan Douglas, but this did not deter Nixon from organizing a larger-scale version of his 1946 campaign. His forces distributed a "pink sheet" which linked Mrs. Douglas with Communist sympathizers. Largely because of this he swung the vote. "There is nothing in Nixon's record to indicate that he has strong convictions about anything but success," said Mrs. Douglas.

Two years later, when Eisenhower had been nominated by the Republican Party for the presidency, he began to look for a strong man to support him. He wanted an energetic young man, a hard fighter, and, looking down the list of likely candidates, he hit upon Nixon.

Stories that Nixon manoeuvred himself into the vice-presidential job are untrue. He did not even know that he was on the list of possibles until forty-eight hours before he was nominated. He first heard the rumour that he had been selected from his wife, a pretty, red-haired schoolteacher, Patricia Ryan, whom he had married in 1940. She had picked it up from a newspaperman. Nixon merely scoffed: "It must be wrong. These things don't happen. I haven't been approached by anyone."

Almost immediately he had to face the kind of drubbing he had given his earlier opponents. He was publicly accused of having accepted more than \$18,000 (about £6,500) from a group of Californian business men while he was serving in the Senate. Eisenhower was deeply perturbed, and for a time it looked as though Nixon might be dropped as vice-presidential candidate. But Nixon decided to handle the affair in his own way.

He went before the television cameras and told his side of the story, presenting the whole thing as a tangle of misunderstanding. He pulled, said one critic, "every melodramatic tear-jerking trick in the political bag," even bringing his wife and the family cocker spaniel Checkers in front of the cameras to bolster his case.

As he left the television studio that night his spaniel was followed along the street by a Great Dane. The senator, whose career hung in the balance, managed to summon up enough wry

continued on page 30



Here it comes—the chair which Jim and Mary picked up at a local sale for thirty bob. Mary's mother approves; it was she who gave them the old bird-of-paradise print above the fireplace. So far all their furniture is modern—a G-Plan settee, a glass topped Link coffee table, even the 19 guinea Terrey stone chip fire surround which they fixed themselves. The pretty Crown wallpaper (A29813) has a timeless flavour. The Regency elbow chair, which Jim has just brought in, looks good and should add a new note of richness. It will live very happily with its plainer neighbours. Jim and Mary seem to have the right idea about mixing furniture styles

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

Mixed up— but not crazy

When it comes to furnishing your home it pays
to be a good mixer, says **ROGER SMITHELLS**



I HAVE been surveying my sitting-room. I find that its furniture spans two centuries. The oldest inhabitants are a couple of ladderback chairs, made, I guess, around 1750. The latest arrival is a fireside table made by my younger son, David.

Between the two are a Victorian pedestal table, a 1930 settee, a couple of 1950 easy chairs, a coffee table with an eighteenth-century top and nineteenth-century legs, and a Dutch chest of unknown vintage.

There is also a Thing which provides a happy guessing game for visitors and is, in fact, a camel stool, memento of a visit to the Middle East.

It sounds like a crazy, mixed-up room. It certainly doesn't follow any of the rules about what is correct. But these oddly assorted pieces of furniture manage to live happily together.

The woods are different but all mellow and similar in tone. The styles are different but they don't fight. The combination is easy-going and relaxed. We like it.

It is more important to like your home than to worry about whether it is correct. A professional decorator can give you a home in excellent taste, but it will be his taste, not yours. With a textbook in one hand and a cheque book

FURNITURE QUIZ

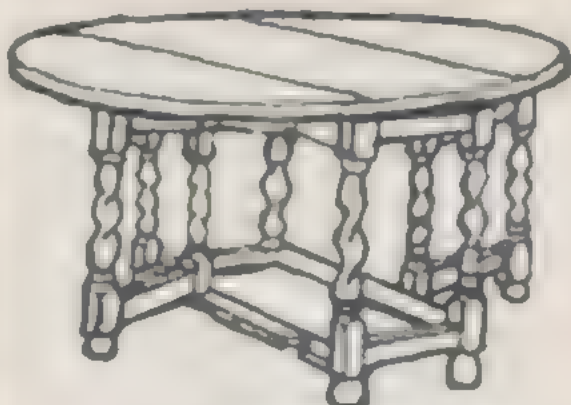
Study these groups of three. Suppose that the piece on the left is yours, which of the two on the right would YOU choose as its companion? My own choice—with reasons—on page 22

With this

— which?



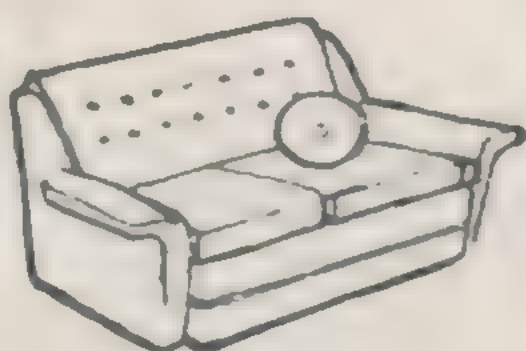
A Victorian dining chair of about 1850 with carved back and legs of mahogany and deep upholstered seat.



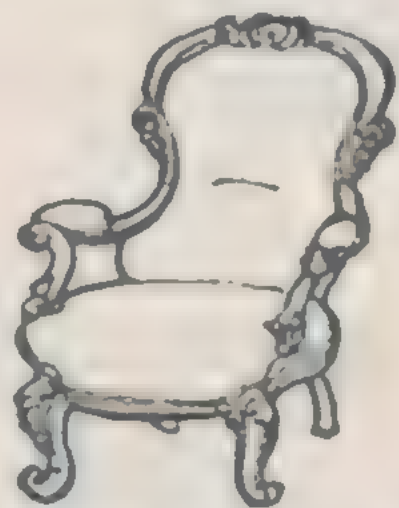
A seventeenth-century dark oak gate-legged dining table (about 1670, or reproduction), with carved legs.



A dining table from the Utility period, 1945, with a round top and turned and tapered legs, made of natural beech.



An upholstered settee in contemporary style with a buttoned back and two loose seat cushions. This is an up-to-date 1958 model.



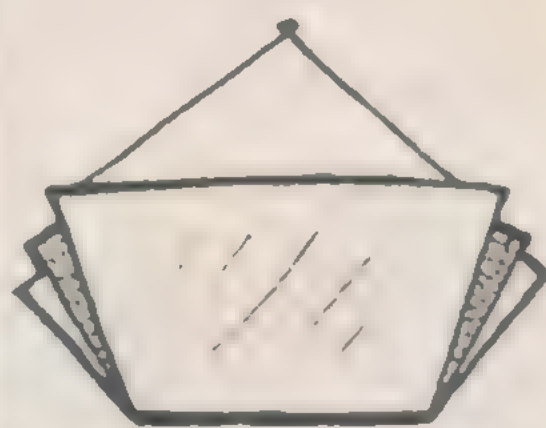
A carved armchair of the Victorian period, probably around 1850, made of polished mahogany with upholstered seat and back.



An upholstered easy chair of the nineteen-twenties, based on the popular conception of cubism, which was then the rage in furnishing.



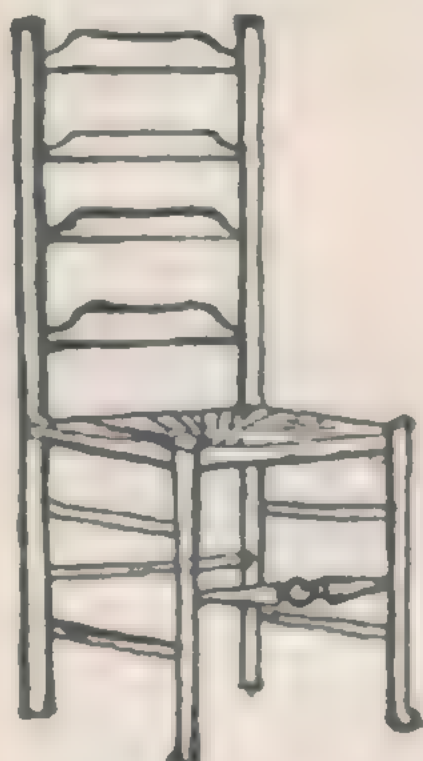
A Georgian bow-fronted chest of drawers made of mahogany, and inlaid with satinwood. This dates from about 1780.



A hanging wall mirror of the nineteen-twenties with tinted glass sidepieces. You can still buy mirrors in this modernistic style.



A hanging wall-mirror of the Regency period. The elegant fluted frame is hand carved and gilded. Date approximately 1810.



A Georgian ladder-back chair with a rush seat, made of dark oak. Date approximately 1760, or reproduction.



An occasional table in light-coloured wood made about 1930. Similar small tables are in the shops today.



A Georgian port table in mahogany with pedestal legs, turned stem and scalloped top. The date is about 1750.



CONTRAST

in the other you might furnish a room accurately in the style of a particular period; but the result will be a museum piece. Only you will be out of period.

A real home is built by degrees. It is made up of old pieces and new—family furniture handed down, new pieces from the shops, bargains picked up at sales. (You will find some notes on buying at sales on page 35.) This mixture—part accident, part choice, gives your home its special flavour. The secret of successful furnishing is to be a good mixer.

Once you accept the idea that a home can be furnished in good taste without being furnished in a particular style home-making becomes a more adventurous business. You can make up a mixture of styles to suit yourself.

Furnishing this way can cost you much less and give you more satisfaction than buying ready-made suites.

Some people know instinctively what goes with what. For those who are not so sure here are some general hints on mixing old and new furniture.

Some styles marry more happily than others. The Windsor stickback chair is traditional in design but it looks equally at home with simple contemporary furniture or with cottage-style pieces of any period. It is country-bred but sufficiently elegant to hold its own in a town setting.

Complete contrasts can also be successful. Ebonized furniture of any date, for example, will mix with nearly every kind of furnishing timber. The plain black provides an effective foil to natural wood grains.

Good and bad neighbours

In the same way a plain modern cabinet with painted panels may look well with older, polished pieces. Furniture of the 1920s with an ugly grain or complicated patterned veneer will look less dated if ebonized or painted white and mixed with plain wood pieces of other periods.

There are woods which never look right together. Oak and mahogany are bad neighbours. Walnut is a lovely but rather stand-offish wood which does not mix well with either oak or mahogany. Neither does antique walnut speak the same language as modern walnut.

But mahogany and rosewood blend happily, and beech and mahogany can make an effective contrast.

Line is important, too. Every woman knows the meaning of "line" applied to dress fashions. It means very much the same thing applied to furniture. Some lines or styles are sympathetic; others squabble.

The better the design of the furniture the more easily it will mix with well-designed furniture of other periods. Styles which are quite different will often mix well just because they provide an interesting contrast. Bad mixers are styles which are too close together to contrast effectively yet too different to harmonize.

Most of us have inherited or picked up odd pieces of Victorian furniture. For a time everything Victorian was out of favour. Now it is popular again. Most Victorian furniture is superbly made

and we have discovered that a solid, rather ornate piece can add a welcome richness to a simple contemporary room.

The Victorians loved opulence; they also loved comfort. Many of their easy chairs are as restful and luxurious as any chairs being made today and are available at knock-down prices. They can look well in a modern living-room, covered either in a bright striped or floral fabric, for contrast, or tied into the rest of the scheme with matching covers.

So don't feel that your Victorian furniture must be stowed away in the attic or used in the second best bedroom. Furbish it up and mix it boldly, but sparingly, with the up-to-date furniture in your living-rooms, like spice in a well-cooked dish.

A word of warning—don't try to mix Victorian furniture with Tudor or mock-Tudor pieces. It won't work.

These are the first and last of the period styles. Both tend to be rich and heavy. Put them together and they will fight each other, neither blending nor contrasting.

Close relations squabble

For much the same reason Victorian and Georgian mahogany furniture are not good allies. The Victorian pieces are apt to look like coarse versions of the Georgian to the discomfort of both. Some Regency furniture is also unhappy with the heavier Georgian furniture which came before it. There are bonds in common, but again the styles are neither similar enough nor sufficiently different to make a good marriage.

Queen Anne walnut furniture is a special case. This is a style apart and seldom looks well with earlier or later pieces, though a single Queen Anne piece can make an interesting note of contrast in a modern room.

At the other end of the scale are freak pieces like bamboo chairs and white-painted Gothic Victorian furniture which will go with almost anything just because they are completely different from everything else.

Finally, here are three happy furniture mixtures which I have seen and noted recently. A dark oak Tudor chest in a room of modern light oak cottage-style furniture. A Georgian mahogany desk in a modern mahogany dining-room. Victorian mahogany dining chairs with a new circular mahogany dining table.

In each of these rooms the antique pieces served as a special decorative feature contrasting pleasantly with the simple modern furniture around it. In the same way, good modern pieces can provide an interesting foil to a roomful of period furniture.

There are no hard and fast rules about furniture mixing. The hints I have given are no more than a rough guide based on simple principles.

But the most interesting part of furniture mixing is not the principles but the practical experiments which we can all make in our own homes. To get your eye in, test your own ideas with the quiz on this page and then turn to page 22 to see whether your choice agrees with mine.



HARMONY

Roger Smithells will help you with your home-making problems

Write to him at JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply



One minute Brigitte Bardot is a snarling

star; the next she's afraid of the future

Kitten with the rum punch

by REX GRIZELL

AFTER a première at a fashionable cinema one evening last winter, one of the most attractive young women in the world found herself alone in the foyer. The members of her party, each assuming that someone else would take her home, had dispersed, and nobody came back for her.

The show was over and Brigitte Bardot was alone, uncertain what to do.

Men who saw her standing there thought that she was waiting for her escort, and it was some time before a stranger asked if he could drive her home. Gladly, she accepted.

Moments like this, which many a less fortunate girl could carry off with ease, are agony to Bardot, a naturally nervous girl whose success has brought her to the fringe of neuroticism.

Five years ago Bardot was unknown. Since then she has made twenty-three films. One of them, *And Woman . . . Was Created*, sparked off a cult of Bardolatry all over the world.

In America it has already made more than three million dollars, and on the strength of its success five other Bardot films have been shown simultaneously in New York. In London, one cinema

has shown five Bardot films in succession.

The producer of *And Woman . . . Was Created*, Raoul Levy, was down on his luck when he met Bardot a few years ago. Now he has a house in Paris, a house in the South of France, a seven-berth cabin cruiser and a collection of modern paintings, some of which cost as much as £30,000. He travels with a retinue which includes his personal dentist.

Bardot knows that she is caught up in the web of a multi-million dollar business. Her moods see-saw from the gay to the dejected, the perverse to the charming. One minute she feels she must remind everyone that she is a star, by throwing tantrums and fits of temper in the studios; the next she is afraid that soon the show will be over, that nobody will want her any more.

The strain frequently proves too much for her neurotic disposition. In the past two years she has had several breakdowns. In October last year she had an attack of facial eczema brought on by nervous fatigue, and she went into hospital for treatment and injections. In December she was ill again.

In January this year a visitor to her dressing-room at the studios where

Kitten with the rum punch

continued from previous page



Ex-husband Vadim steered Bardot to stardom. In film after film he made her appear in underclothes, night clothes—and no clothes. “Brigitte does not act—she exists,” he said of her. Now they are divorced

Bardot's current beau is guitarist Sacha Distel. Recently they holidayed together. Some reports say that they will marry next spring; others that they are married already. Bardot says: “I don't like marriage”



The kiss that shocked America. One

Love Is My Profession was being made found her “in a visible state of exhaustion.” The director, Claude Autant-Lara, said: “I have to go softly with her because she seems so afraid. She has no confidence in herself.”

Almost at the same time, the company which directs her was concluding an arrangement with Columbia Pictures to use Bardot in at least six pictures for them in the next two years.

Bardot is a creature of fancies, illogical fears and contradictions.

She has a morbid fear of flying and becomes scared when she sees a man in flying suit or pilot's uniform. All uniforms tend to distress her. Though she drives well, passengers have noticed that she becomes agitated at the sight of a policeman. While filming *And Woman . . . Was Created* she formed a close friendship with her leading man, Jean Louis Trintignant. When he joined the army for his national service, she asked him not to visit her dressed in his uniform.

She is also afraid of being trapped by fire. Once when she was cooking a chicken at a friend's home, the bird caught fire. She did not scream but leaped out of the kitchen, pulling the door shut behind her.

“The place is on fire,” she called. “Send for the fire brigade while I prevent the flames spreading.” By this time somebody had smothered the blazing chicken with a towel.

“She's like a child”

After their separation, her ex-husband Roger Vadim said: “She is well on the way to becoming a neurotic. Unless she is physically stimulated, lying in the sun, or swimming in the sea, or playing with animals, she is unhappy.”

“Her trouble is she does not like people. She is like a selfish child, the centre of her own world.”

On her twenty-first birthday he found her in tears before her mirror, wailing that she was an old woman.

For years, Bardot has been self-conscious about her face, which she considers to be ugly. According to friends she likes to display her body because she is proud of it and considers it a compensation for her face.

And Woman . . . Was Created, which began with a nude shot of Bardot lying on her stomach, has been described as the most suggestive film ever made. Gary Cooper, after sitting through it



priest told parishioners to boycott the cinema showing *And Woman . . . Was Created*. Bardot's torrid love-making was "an assault on every woman," he said

stunned during the Venice Film Festival, remarked: "I should have put a sack over my face."

Since the release of this film in the United States, Bardot, who was unknown there a year ago, has become a symbol of sex from coast to coast. In Lake Placid, New York, a Roman Catholic priest called on his flock to boycott for six months the cinema which showed it. He denounced the film as "an assault on each and every woman of our community and nation."

Bardot has been described as "the tramp who keeps mothers of young daughters awake at nights, the diamond eater . . . the monster . . ." as "just the kind of girl to take home to mother if you want to give the old lady heart failure," and as the "sex kitten."

Referring to this, she says: "I purr, I scratch, and sometimes I bite."

In the past year or two, as her reputation has grown and she has become more conscious of her own importance, Bardot has scratched and bitten more often than she has purred. Her displays of temperament included keeping three columnists who had flown specially from America to see her waiting more than two weeks for an interview. One American critic referred to her as "exhibiting a temperament which represents the nihilist, Existentialist condition of French youth."

Bardot herself is much simpler on the subject. "I am just a body in films; I make no other pretensions just yet. I would like to be an actress like Anna Magnani—when I am as old as she is."

What is Bardot's secret? Though she has a body which would "call up lasciviousness in a deacon," so have many other actresses who have not and never will become internationally famous.

"I owe everything I am to Vadim," she says. "He alone knew how to guide me, sustain me, console me and teach me to be courageous and stubborn."

Roger Vadim Plemiannikov, known as Vadim, met Bardot when she was fifteen and he was twenty-two. He was a journalist and script writer. He set out to make her famous not only as a film star but as the symbol of his own philosophy, which he believed expressed the mood of the postwar youth of France.

Under Vadim's guidance, Bardot appeared in part after part in which she took off her clothes for milk baths or strip teases, or appeared in her night

clothes, her underclothes, or nearly wrapped in a towel.

He added spice to her sexiness by emphasizing her natural ability to suggest a childlike innocence as well as sultry sensuality. In most of her pictures she cuddles soft toys, or kittens, like a lonely child. Carefully directed publicity ensured that she became known throughout France by her initials BB, which in French are pronounced the same as the word for baby.

Eve of the cinema

Vadim realized that she had little talent for acting. "Brigitte does not act—she exists" was one of his early publicity themes, and he proved that she did not need to act. She seems able to arouse the most basic emotions—envy, lust, guilt or anger—with a few insolent movements of her body, or a sullen, provocative stare.

By the time he wrote *And Woman . . . Was Created*, Vadim had succeeded in creating the Bardot myth, "the eternal woman-child," "the finally discovered Eve of the French cinema."

Though the critics insist that Bardot's films are bad, that she is stupid and no actress, Vadim made her the highest paid star in the history of the French cinema, at 150,000 dollars a picture.

They were married in December, 1952, when Bardot was eighteen. For a time Vadim found her childish immaturity enchanting. "She once asked me if mice laid eggs," he says, "but she was not stupid, she could discuss things like the history of ancient Egypt in a learned way." But it soon became a stormy marriage. Brigitte was not ambitious and frequently rebelled against his attempts to make her a star.

In neurotic rages she often left home to wander disconsolately round Paris by night. Vadim would have to roam the streets in his car searching for her. More than once he found her on the Pont des Arts (Paris's suicide bridge) weeping bitterly.

Bardot was born in 1934, in Passy, a wealthy district of Paris. Her father owns a factory; her mother has a fashionable dress shop. She grew up in the conventional atmosphere of the French middle classes, careful in speech, restrained and elegant in their mode of dressing and living. Bardot received the sheltered convent education which is normal in such French families.

When she was fifteen she was asked

by a friend of her mother's to pose for the cover of a fashion magazine. The picture was seen by Marc Allegret, the French director, who suggested a film test. Madame Bardot went along to the initial interview. She did not want Brigitte to go into films; she did not think it fitting.

She played the heavy mother so effectively that after the interview, Allegret remarked to Vadim, who was then his assistant: "I don't want that girl—I can't stand the mother."

Vadim had other ideas. The interview took place in July. In September, Madame Bardot went to Biarritz for a holiday. She left Brigitte and her younger sister, Mijanou, in the Passy apartment in the care of their grandmother. A week later the grandmother reported that "a strange young man keeps coming to the apartment, and spends hours with Brigitte. He says he is rehearsing her for a film test she is to make with Marc Allegret."

Madame Bardot returned to Paris at once. Vadim, she says, had already got quite a hold on her daughter.

But in the end he convinced her. "He kept telling me that I would become the impossible dream of millions of married men," she says.

The success of *And Woman . . . Was Created* was due to Brigitte's physique, he says, and "to her rôle, which allowed her to show what she has within her, of anguish, dynamism, of sexuality . . . a person without excuses."

Bardot herself came to accept the myth. In interviews she began to say that she was as naughty off screen as Vadim had portrayed her on it.

During the making of the film she passionately overplayed her love scenes, which her husband was directing, with Jean Louis Trintignant. Before the film was finished she and Vadim had separated, Bardot saying that she liked her husband, but she liked Jean Louis better.

In February, 1957, Bardot sued for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. On the day after the divorce came through, Vadim's Danish girl friend, Annette Stroyberg, gave birth to a daughter in a Paris hospital. When she heard the news, Bardot interrupted filming to telephone her congratulations to Vadim, and to ask to be godmother.

Without the guidance of the man who had made her, her statements became even more extreme. "I don't like marriage . . . always one man

. . . I want to be free," she said.

The friendship with Trintignant did not last. His wife would not divorce him, and when he went to Germany on army duty, Bardot lost interest. "He is not here," she explained. "I need a man at my side all the time, to console me."

Her current beau is Sacha Distel, a handsome French guitarist, who is also nephew of Ray Ventura, who is part of the combine which controls Bardot. Unconfirmed reports have said that they are already married, others that they will marry in the spring.

Bardot spent a long holiday in her villa, La Madrague, at St. Tropez this summer in an attempt to ease her jaded nerves. Much of the time Distel was in her company, but her pleasure was marred by the treatment she received from the local population. On one occasion a mob of girls yelled at her that she gave France a bad name.

When she interrupted her holiday to attend the Venice Film Festival, the few appearances she made outside her hotel resulted in brawls. Hundreds of people crowded round her, and photographers fought each other.

Bardot's success with men does not as a rule include male stars. Though Dirk Bogarde called her beguiling when he made *Doctor At Sea* with her, men stars consider her a minx with a jinx.

Men's dream girl

Earlier this year Rossano Brazzi said: "I am offered a rôle opposite Bardot in her next picture. But I do not want to commit professional suicide. Leading men in her pictures spend most of the time just looking at her. So does the audience."

But the male stars are a small and prejudiced crew. To millions of men, Bardot, as Vadim prophesied, is a dream girl. Even Sir Winston Churchill has praised her attractions.

When he visited the Nice studios for a special showing of Cousteau's *The Silent World*, Bardot was filming indoor shots of *And Woman . . . Was Created*. Raoul Levy walked her up to the famous statesman and said: "Allow me, Sir Winston, to introduce the star of French cinema, Brigitte Bardot."

Surprised but smiling, Sir Winston replied: "French cinema is charming. I loved Jojo the fish, but Miss Bardot is even more lovely." The chances are that most men will continue to think so for some time.

THE END

A full-page illustration of a young man with light brown hair and blue eyes, wearing a brown suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He has a shocked expression, with wide eyes and an open mouth, looking upwards. The background shows a room with a large painting of a landscape in a gold frame on the left and a fireplace on the right.

The Ivory

*It was priceless,
a once great
man who had
knew*

Matthew was startled. He had been sure the Hall was empty. Yet here was Lady de Beauvois herself . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

Candlestick

by MARGUERITE MURRAY

this memento of
lady. And only the
been her boot boy
its real worth

MATTHEW BUXTON swung his big, powerful car in at the gateway, past the twin posters announcing, SALE BY AUCTION—TODAY; past the abandoned lodge and the neglected, overgrown shrubbery; along a drive ribboned with weeds; to emerge at last, with a scattering of gravel, on the wide sweep in front of the house.

He got out and locked the car, his movements decisive yet unhurried. A trickle of people was spilling out from other cars and flowing in small dribbles towards the steps. He joined two obvious Americans and a probable dealer, and went in, for the first time, at the front entrance of Beauvois Hall.

It was not as he remembered it. The tiled floor was there, the beautiful staircase with its wrought-iron balustrade curving up to the long gallery above; but the atmosphere was gone. He felt a sudden anger at all these vultures who had come to pick the bones of the de Beauvois family. True, he was among them, but he was not one of them: he had come, on an impulse, when he read of the sale in that morning's paper, to buy himself a memento of his youth.

The female half of the American pair was standing transfixed, staring through the open double doors of the Blue Drawing-room. She said: "How did they ever rake up the staff to look after a place like this? They must have employed the whole village."

Not quite, thought Matthew, suddenly amused. Stevens, the butler, wasn't even a local man. But most of the rest had a family tradition of service to the de Beauvois. Mrs. Willett, the housekeeper; Mrs. Luker, the cook; Panting, the housemaid; and the kitchen staff, likewise the outdoor men, the gardeners and gamekeepers.

And a certain knife-and-boot boy named Matthew Buxton.

He had come to the Hall straight from

school. His parents could imagine no other future for any child of theirs. His father had been a gamekeeper till an accident had put him on the list of de Beauvois life-pensioners. His mother had been Panting's predecessor. Matthew had been nourished on the wonders of the de Beauvois family from the time he could talk.

He had not been greatly impressed. For him—though secretly—the Hall was simply a means to an end. He had no intention of spending the rest of his life as a domestic servant. Even the remote chance that he might one day attain to a butler's eminence—"Mr. Stevens was only a pantry-boy once, Matthew"—held no lure for him.

He was going into business, to explore the immense, the endless, the fascinating possibilities that existed in the world of money.

He had always been able to do more with sixpence than other boys, and his gift for figures was astonishing. The fact that his prowess cut no ice with his parents only acted as a spur. He paid over what was expected of him to his mother, and saved the rest of his wages towards a correspondence course in accountancy and book-keeping.

His study was a disused loft over an empty stable—even then, thirty-five years ago, the de Beauvois were cutting down their hunters. His desk and chair were a couple of soap boxes annexed from the kitchen. Here he worked with the calm, unswerving concentration that had remained, throughout his life, his most salient characteristic. He found the course hard going at first—there were yawning gaps in his village-school grounding—but after a while the gaps filled and he went steadily ahead, finally wringing from a none-too-easily-satisfied instructor the glowing tribute: "You should do well in any branch of commerce."

The hours he spent in the loft were

the only part of his existence which mattered. The rest—the pantry work, the boots and shoes he cleaned—was no more real life to him than what went on beyond the green baize door which separated The Staff from The Family.

Sir Peregrine and Lady de Beauvois, their two children, the friends who came to stay, were as remote as the kneeling figures which surrounded the family monument in the village church. More so, for those at least you could go right up to and touch. But you couldn't touch Sir Peregrine or Her Ladyship.

IN fact Matthew had never even spoken to them, for he had been ill at Christmas, when the great present-giving ceremony took place in the Long Banqueting Hall, and there had been no other occasion for him to penetrate into The Family's quarters.

No other occasion, that is, until the following autumn when, for a brief moment, his own private world and that other, remote sphere came unexpectedly into contact.

It was on the day of the county agricultural show at the end of September. The show was the signal for a general holiday. There was always a fair to set off the more serious business of show-jumping and judging livestock, and the whole district turned out for the festivities.

By lunch-time that day, the Hall was deserted. Only Matthew ate bread and cheese in the kitchen, hugging himself to think he wasn't standing in a hot field with a lot of cows and pigs, or surrounded by screaming girls on a roundabout.

The rest of the staff thought he was mad. "Not going to the show, Matthew? What's the matter with the boy? Doesn't he like enjoying himself?"

Matthew had held his peace. He meant to spend the whole afternoon in the loft, working on the latest lesson from the correspondence school.

But for once, when he got there, he found he didn't want to work. The loft was hot and stuffy, the sun poured in through the small, dusty window in a stream of liquid gold. Suddenly it struck him as absurd to bury himself indoors when the rest of the world was on holiday. He pushed his papers aside and climbed down the rickety ladder into the sun.

The stableyard was deserted, with nothing to disturb its ancient dreams except the clatter of a hoof or a faint, drowsy rustling of straw. A new sense of his aloneness came to Matthew. And with it came a sense of adventure, the sudden realization that today the whole estate was his, that he could wander where he liked with nobody to stop him; even to the other side of the green baize door. . . .

He began to walk purposefully towards the house. He had had the Hall's glories rammed down his throat till he was sick of the sound of them, but somehow he felt differently now that he had them all to himself. And there would be an added spice, knowing that he oughtn't to be there, that

old Stevens and Ma Willett and Ma Luker would all throw a blue fit if they knew what he was up to. He grinned wickedly, exulting in his own daring.

He would have liked to swagger up the front steps and in at the front doorway, but that seemed a bit too much, even when one was on one's own. And it was thrill enough, marching into the hall through the green baize door. He felt like an explorer, venturing into unknown territory. . . .

The hall was cool and dark, except at the far end where, through the open doorway, sunlight fell in a fan of gold on the tiled floor. Matthew stood still. He had not been prepared for what he felt. Everything was so serene, so unexpectedly beautiful that it gave him a queer kind of pain. Yet it was a pain he wanted to hold on to. He could have stood there for ever, letting the loveliness soak into him, the tranquillity of sunlight and shadow falling on an old, old floor.

No wonder folk talked so much about this place. . . .

Presently he was able to move on again, to feel even a little ashamed of having got so worked up over what, after all, was only a bit of an old house. He was quite relieved when the rooms opening off the hall failed to impress him. They were too rich, too elaborate; you couldn't imagine anyone living in them; they were just showpieces, waiting to be admired.

BUT the hall still charmed him. It had, on closer acquaintance, a delightful combination of dignity and homeliness: you could imagine kings being welcomed there, yet at the same time you could picture children playing on the tiles, tumbling one another in and out of the sunlight.

He walked to the door and stood looking out at the gravel sweep and the smooth lawns beyond, wondering what it felt like to be a de Beauvois, to be able to call a place like this your home.

A voice behind him said: "Well? What do you want?"

He spun round. Lady de Beauvois stood looking down at him from the curve of the staircase.

She was a little woman, fine-boned and slender. He had seen her, dozens of times, in church or the village street; but never like this, face-to-face and alone.

Matthew's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Come along." She spoke impatiently. "I want to know what you're doing here. Are you looking for somebody?"

"N-no, m'lady." It did not occur to him to lie to her. "I was just . . . looking."

"What at?"

"The house, m'lady."

It sounded a daft answer. No wonder she frowned.

"Who gave you permission?"

"Nobody, m'lady. Everyone's out, excepting me. At least . . . I thought they were, until—"

"Until you saw me." Her tone was



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The ivory candlestick

continued from previous page

dry. "Most inconvenient. Who are you, and where are you from?"

"I'm Buxton, m'lady. I do the boots and shoes and help Mr. Stevens in the pantry."

"Joseph Buxton's boy," she said. Matthew nodded.

"Why haven't you gone to the show with the others, Buxton?"

"I didn't want to, m'lady. I'm not interested in cows and horses and that."

"Nor am I," she said—and, unexpectedly, smiled. "I'm afraid I said I had a headache, so that I could stay at home. Wasn't it wicked of me?" Her voice was gay and mischievous. "Did you have a headache, too?"

"No, m'lady." He shook his head. "I just said I wanted to stay here—"

"To have a good look round while everyone was out of the way?"

Matthew knew she was teasing him now, and suddenly, too, he knew why people loved her, in spite of her sharp tongue.

"No, m'lady," he said, with a little more confidence. "That wasn't what I stayed for. It was only after they'd all gone, and I was on my own, I suddenly had a fancy to look round—"

"To see what the zoo was like without the animals in it?" asked Lady de Beauvois. "Well, what did you think of it?"

Matthew reddened. "I like this hall, m'lady. And the staircase. But not those big rooms. They're too full of stuff—"

He stopped, wondering if he had gone too far. But she was only regarding him gravely. "They wouldn't, if you had any sense of the past. This is a very wonderful house, Buxton. Do you realize that the de Beauvois have lived here for over five hundred years, with each generation adding a little bit of itself to what is there already—even the wives, who are brought in from outside? . . . Beauvois means as much to me as if I'd been born here. . . ."

MATTHEW was silent. He was faintly embarrassed by the depth of feeling which had crept into the conversation, and further tongue-tied by the knowledge that he meant to escape from this place she loved so much, as soon as he could.

Then he saw that she was smiling again.

"You don't feel it, do you?" she said. "Even though you're a child of the estate." Her eyes crinkled in amusement. "Come along upstairs, and I'll show you the other rooms. They'll probably appal you still further."

But they didn't, not when he saw them with her. She made them come alive for him, so that he saw, not empty grandeur, but rich symbols of a great tradition of which its inheritors might be justly proud. He knew that he would never again feel the same impatience and boredom when his parents raved about the Hall.

They came at last to a small room, bright with sunlight and flowered chintzes and low, white-painted shelves filled with ornaments and books.

"This is my sitting-room," said Lady de Beauvois. "We always sit here when we're alone. These are my own personal treasures that I brought with me when I married Sir Peregrine."

There were some Dresden china pieces, some exquisite jade—and her collection of ivory. The ivory drew Matthew like a magnet. His precise mind was fascinated by the intricate perfection of carving, as delicate as lace, on paper-knife and incense-burner and fan. One piece, especially, charmed him—a small, twin-branched candlestick on an ebony base. It stood a little apart from the rest, as if it had some special significance.

It had. Lady de Beauvois saw him looking at it and smiled.

"That's my pet. It was the first present Sir Peregrine gave me—even before we were engaged. It's the most valuable of all my possessions."

It was the first time Matthew had

ever thought of value in terms other than that of money.

Before the afternoon was over, he had told Lady de Beauvois about himself. He hadn't meant to, but somehow it came tumbling out: the correspondence course, the study in the loft, his dreams of high finance.

He wondered if perhaps she would be angry with him for wanting to break away. To her, serving the Hall must surely be the highest possible ambition. He was amazed when she said: "You'd be very foolish to stay here, with a mind like yours. But your parents won't like it. When the time comes I'll help you to tell them."

She had kept that promise. It had made all the difference: if Her Ladyship approved, then even as monstrous an



A WHITE CAT

She moves as gently as a cloud
Advancing with a soft surmise
Yet all the tiger's foetid lust
Looms in her yellow eyes.

Sometimes her languorous mask
displays

Two crescent moons that wax
and wane

In sultry orbit when a bird
Shadows the window pane;

And sometimes, fringed with
snow, they swell

Like melons in a milder land,
But in that wide, mysterious gaze
There lurks strange contraband.

Calm and domestic though she
seems

Her furtive spirit wanders still
Through turbulent forests on the
trail

Of her elusive kill.

JEAN KENWARD

idea as leaving the Hall and going to London would have to be considered. Matthew had never forgotten that he owed the ease with which his departure was accomplished to her.

He had lost touch with the Hall after his parents died. He had been busy furthering his career—that solid success story with which a tendency to asthma had prevented even Hitler's war from interfering—and there had been no time for visits to the country. As for letter-writing, figures were his medium, not words. In any case, he would have found it difficult to write to Lady de Beauvois. For all her lack of grandeur, he could never think of her alongside ordinary people. She was a great lady, the only person to whom his independent spirit had ever paid homage.

He had read of Sir Peregrine's death in the paper—"beloved husband of Maude" that meant she was still alive—and had wondered if the heir would be

able to keep the property on. He had not been surprised when he read of the sale. What had surprised him was his sudden, inexplicable desire for a keepsake: some small memento of the place where he had not only laid the foundations of his victorious career, but had made the acquaintance of true dignity and kindness.

But, now that he was here, there was nothing he wanted. He wandered from room to room, trying to find some object which would fit into the rather impersonal background of his bachelor flat. But it was all too grand.

He had almost decided to give up and go home before the sale started, when he saw that the door of Lady de Beauvois's sitting-room was open. He was startled. There was nothing in that room but Her Ladyship's own personal treasures. Take them out, and all you were left with was a few sticks of furniture, a carpet and some curtains. That must be what they were selling.

But it was not. At least, not all. He stood in the doorway, transfixed, staring at a room which seemed incredibly little different from the room into which Lady de Beauvois had taken him thirty-five years ago. Nothing had been removed.

Not even the ivory candlestick, which Sir Peregrine had given her before they were engaged. . . .

There must, he thought, be some mistake. She had probably given instructions which had been misinterpreted or ignored. Doubtless she meant to store the stuff until she was settled in her new home—or else at this very moment she was waiting for it, wondering why it did not come. He had a sudden vision of her, in some alien spot, bereft of her treasures, while at this end incompetent fools sold them off.

HE felt a swift, fierce anger, directed equally against the auctioneers and the new baronet, who should have taken better care of his mother's property. Perhaps it wasn't too late to stop the sale? He would find the auctioneer.

But the auctioneer, a short, fat man, regarded him blandly.

"I'm sorry, sir. We've had full instructions from the de Beauvois family regarding the sale. There's been no mistake, sir, I promise you."

Matthew turned away. Although one part of his mind told him that the fuss he was making was probably quite unwarranted, another part fretted to get in touch with Lady de Beauvois. He was haunted by the vision of her, unhappy and bewildered, separated by some criminal error from the things she loved.

If there had been time, he would have driven down to the village and found out where she had gone, and tried to telephone her. But there was not time.

Matthew took no interest in the bidding till they reached Lady de Beauvois's sitting-room. He had made up his mind to buy up as much as he could afford and return it to her.

But the decision was more easily made than carried out. He found himself bidding against two Americans who were prepared to spend fantastic sums. Time after time, Matthew dropped out, common sense telling him it was crazy to go farther. In the end, he emerged with the one item he had made up his mind to have, no matter what it cost.

The ivory candlestick.

Lady de Beauvois, said the stranger now in charge of the Beauvois Arms, had gone to a village in Kent.

Matthew got back into the car. He had no intention of abandoning his project, even though he had so little to offer. He could still hear Lady de Beauvois describing the candlestick as "the most valuable of all my possessions." She should have that, at least. He got out his road map and worked out the easiest way to reach her new home.

It was evening when he pulled up outside the small, hideous red-brick house which the villagers assured him was "the new lady's." He sat looking at it, wrung with indignant pity. They could surely have found something better for her than that. He couldn't believe she had chosen it herself—she, who loved beautiful things and had always lived surrounded by them.

He got out of the car, rehearsing his

opening speech. He would have to explain himself first, of course. She would never recognize him after all these years. He would keep the candlestick hidden in his coat pocket—where fortunately it fitted easily—till he felt the right moment had come.

Then he would say: "M'lady." He would never dream of calling her anything but that—more especially now, when everything else had been taken away from her. "I was at the Hall today, and I've taken the liberty of bringing you a small present from the sale. Not that you can call it a present, really—it's more like bringing you back your own. I only wish I could have brought everything that belonged to you. But you once said this was what you valued most."

AND he would lift the candlestick out of his pocket and hand it to her. All through the drive from the Hall, he had been picturing her reactions. She would be astonished at first—almost incredulous—and then, slowly, pleasure would work its way through the astonishment. The smile he had never forgotten would light her face—mixed perhaps with tears that he would have to pretend not to see. "Oh, Matthew!" she would say. "My candlestick! You don't know how I've longed for it. I didn't know how to bear it when I realized it had been left behind. . . ."

He rang the bell. He wondered which of the Hall staff she had brought with her. After all these years it would hardly be anyone he knew.

"Good evening," said Lady de Beauvois.

Matthew was appalled. He could hardly believe it was really Her Ladyship, reduced to opening her own front door. But she was unmistakable: as slender as ever, the fine bones of her face merely accentuated by the tautened skin. He was looking, of course, at an old woman. But it was her expression that had altered most. It was blank and cold.

"What do you want?" she said.

She spoke as if nothing he wanted could possibly have any interest for her. Her hand, on the door-handle, seemed ready to slam the door in his face.

Matthew moved forward, determined not to be baulked of his purpose. He said: "I've come to see you, m'lady. I don't know whether you'll remember me, but I'm Buxton—Matthew Buxton, Joseph and Mary Buxton's boy. I used to be knife-and-boot boy at the Hall."

"Were you?" she said. "And why have you come here?"

She made it sound as if, by coming, he had committed a crime. Matthew looked down at her, puzzled and disturbed.

"I told you—to see you, m'lady," he said. "I've brought you something. Won't you let me come inside and give it to you?"

SHE glared at him. "Brought me something? What? Why?"

"Something I hope you'll like." He spoke gently, as to a child. "You were once very good to me, m'lady—you helped me get away from home to London and make my career. And I've never said thank you."

"I don't suppose I expected you to. I was glad to help people—when I had the power." Her voice was unspeakably bitter. "Now, as you see, my wings are clipped and I'm useless. I'm sorry—I should have asked you to come in."

The hall was small, square and uninteresting—as different from the beautiful hall at Beauvois as its owner's manner was from her old gaiety and fire. She faced him, trying, with visible effort, to be gracious.

"It's kind of you to bring me a present. Won't you show it to me?"

Instinct warned him to prepare her.

"It's something you used to value a lot, m'lady. I found it at the Hall this afternoon. I was at the sale—"

He broke off, alarmed at the whiteness of her face. She sat down slowly on a wooden settle that backed against the wall behind her, and stared up at him.

"Did you say . . . the Hall?"

"Yes, m'lady. I don't know how it came to be there, with all your other

continued on page 26

Gilbert Harding talks about



The man who came to dinner

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL was born prematurely (how very characteristic of the man!) on November 30, 1874, eighty-four years ago.

I last saw Sir Winston at a dinner party given in May this year by Lord Beaverbrook at Claridge's, when prime ministers from the Commonwealth were in London. He was old but not frail, slow but neither unsteady nor unsure, and he enjoyed his splendid dinner enormously.

Long after I myself had grown drowsy, I watched him talking with vigour and, occasionally, almost volcanic passion, and I recalled something that A. G. Gardiner had written of Churchill nearly half a century ago.

"Has he staying power?" that once famous journalist asked. "Can anyone who has devoured life with such feverish haste retain his zest to the end of the feast? How will forty find him?"

Well, we know that forty found him passionately engaged in the dark, dreadful decisions of the first World War.

And here he was still, now nearly eighty-four.

Lesser politicians than Churchill have, in pompous speeches, compared life to a game of cricket, or a ladder to be climbed, or—horrible thought—a race to be run. To Churchill, greedy, so full of gusto, life has seemed like a splendid, generous dinner party.

Hasn't he said (revealing so much of himself): "I shall stay until the party is over. I do not propose to catch the early bus home."

The early bus! The phrase is even more revealing of the man's character. I would be willing to wager a dozen of the finest bottles of brandy, or fifty fine cigars, that Sir Winston has never gone home by bus in all the eighty-four years of his crowded life.

But high born though he was, a cadet of the proud Marlboroughs, Sir Winston has never lacked the common touch.

Of course he has never cared a fig for, and he has never taken the slightest trouble to conceal from anybody, his bored indifference to such cold abstractions as the People, the Workers, the Oppressed in our colonies and Empire.

Warm and memorable

But bring him face to face with a Bermondsey barrow-woman during the blitz on London, let him meet a muffled docker with a pint in hand, an Indian sice at a polo pony's head, and Churchill has always been able to make a quick, warm, memorable and immediate contact.

He can even do it, and did it the other day, with the hairy apes at Gibraltar.

His valet, Norman McGowan, tells how his master could charm fish out of the water. "He made a point of going to the fishponds every day when we were at Chartwell," McGowan says, "to

feed them with maggots which were specially brought from Yorkshire."

(Why maggots from Yorkshire? Heaven knows, but Churchill clearly does; that is the Churchill touch.)

"It was uncanny to watch him. He would walk to the side of the pond and shout: 'Yoick, yoick!' The fish would gather in front of him and take the maggots from his hands."

Now I come to think of it, Sir Winston worked nearly as remarkable a miracle upon me.

I once wrote to him for his autograph; I who, in the last few phony, pretentious years of my life, have been the hunted, not the hunter.

There are only three people's autographs I have ever sought: King George VI, when he was Duke of York (no); Sir Frank Whittle, of jet-engine fame (yes); and the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill.

He declined on the ground that we had never met. A pity.

What is there about the man to make me, anti-Tory that I am, do that?

Life of fulfilment

Starved of so many fulfilments in my own life, I suppose Sir Winston's herculean past fascinates by its very meatiness. I agree with my friend, John Raymond, that "Sir Winston's life is absorbing down to its smallest detail not only because he is the greatest Englishman of our time but because his is the story of a Walter Mitty who really did the kind of things that Mitty only dreamed of doing."

Sir Winston is a freeman of some forty towns. Who would not delight to be, in this drab age, Freeman of Athens, Marathon, Thebes and Naupactus? I most certainly would.

War correspondent, hussar, bricklayer, polo-player, painter, writer of lasting prose and many books, statesman winning wars at four in the morning while his generals fought for sleep . . . why, the parts he has played are as numerous and as varied as his hats. And they have all been real parts.

Sir Winston fascinates in his infinite variety; one never comes to the end of him.

I once spent a morning walking with Lord Beaverbrook, who was one of Churchill's ministers during the war, and who knows him better than most.

"That quite remarkable man," said his Lordship, "deserves far more credit than he will ever claim or get." After telling me of the hours Churchill kept, the gargantuan meals eaten, the brandy and the work dispatched, he went on: "There were times when I thought he was biting off more than he could chew. But his remarkable habits did no harm!"

Well, the party is not over. Sir Winston is still savouring his brandy; the cigars may be burning short, but I sincerely hope that he is not going home for a long time yet.

THE LAND GOD
GAVE TO CAIN

by HAMMOND INNES

THE B

This was the chan
mystery. But it mea



RINK OF DANGER

... I was waiting for—a chance to search for the island of
... a trek through the wilderness—with people I dare not trust

I WAS at Head of Steel—the end of the new Labrador railway. Somewhere ahead, in the wilds, was a crashed survey plane. I believed somebody was still alive there. . . .

I am Ian Ferguson. I had flown out from England because of an SOS my father, a ham radio operator, thought he had picked up from the plane—although, days before, Laroche, the pilot of the plane, had got back to the railroad with the news that his two companions on the flight, Briffe and Baird, were dead.

I believed the SOS had been genuine—but no one else did. Even Briffe's daughter, Paule, who was engaged to Laroche, wanted me to drop the inquiry.

Bill Lands, one of the bosses of the mining company which had sent out the ill-fated expedition, was told to put me on a plane back to England. But I gave him the slip and set out for Head of Steel. I wanted to talk to Ray Darcy, the railroad engineer at Construction Camp 263. Darcy was the first man to see Laroche after his escape from the crash.

I got to Head of Steel, but Lands caught up with me there. I was held prisoner on a train—I was to be sent back down the line. The thought of failure, after having come so far, made me desperate. . . .

The train began to move. As it picked up speed, I decided on one last gamble. I hurled myself out into the night, falling towards the track like a stone. . . .

PART FOUR

ALTHOUGH it was a standing jump, I put all the spring of my leg muscles into it, and it carried me on to the side of the cut where the ground was softer. I hit it with my body slack and, though it knocked the breath out of me, I wasn't hurt.

As I scrambled to my feet, I saw the foreman leaning out of the coach door, shouting at me. But he didn't jump. He'd left it too late. The locomotive went by me with a roar, and in the light from the cab I found my suitcase. After that the track was clear and it was suddenly dark.

I stood quite still for a moment listening, but all I could hear was the rumble of the train as it ran back out of the cut. No voices came to me out of the night, no glimmer of a cigarette showed in the darkness ahead. All that seething crowd of men

seemed to have been spirited away, leaving a black, empty void through which a cold wind blew. But at least it meant I could keep to the track, and I followed it north, breaking into a run as soon as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

Behind me the sound of the train faded and died and, when I glanced back over my shoulder, it was stationary on the track, a dull glow of light that glinted on the rails. Torches flickered and I thought I heard shouts.

But it was half a mile away at least, and I knew I was clear of them.

MINUTES later I reached the end of steel. It was just the empty grade then, no track to guide me, and I stopped running. The lights of the train had vanished, hidden by the bend of the cut, and with their disappearance the black emptiness of Labrador closed round me. The only sound now was that of the wind whispering dryly through the trees.

The night was overcast, but it didn't matter—not then. The grade rolled out ahead of me, flat like a road and just visible as a pale blur in the surrounding darkness. But it didn't last. It was like that for a mile, maybe two, and then the surface became rougher. There were ruts and soft patches, and a little later I blundered into a heap of fresh-piled gravel.

After that the going was bad. Several times I strayed from the track, blundering into the bulldozed roots of trees that were piled at its edge.

Somewhere around midnight the wind died away and everything was preternaturally still. It began to snow, a gentle floating down of large flakes that were wet and clinging. The darkness around me slowly changed to a ghostly white. I lost the track, and then I gave it up and made a bed of pine branches and lay down to wait for dawn. I hadn't intended to sleep but, once I had relaxed, I suppose there was nothing to keep me awake. The snow whispered, and I lay drifting in a white, dark world until consciousness began to slide away from my numbed brain.

Maybe I heard the car and that's what woke me. Or perhaps it was the gleam of the headlights. I opened my eyes suddenly to find myself staring up at a jackpine floodlit like a Christmas tree, and a voice said: "I guess you must be Ferguson."

I sat up, still dazed with cold and sleep, not quite sure where I was. Then I saw the track and the trees all covered with snow and the man standing over me. He was short and broad, with a gnome-like body, swollen by the padding of his parka, and my first thought was that this wasn't either Lands or Laroche. This was a man I'd never seen before. His face was square and craggy, the colour of mahogany, and the snow clung white to tufted eyebrows as

he leaned forward, peering down at me through rimless glasses.

"A fine dance you've led me," he growled, and he reached down and dragged me to my feet. "I bin all along the grade as far as Head of Steel searching for you."

I mumbled my thanks. My limbs were so stiff with cold I could hardly stand. Numbness deadened the pain of my blistered feet. "Come on," he said, grabbing hold of my suitcase. "There's a heater in the jeep. It'll hurt like hell, but you'll soon thaw out."

It was a jeep station wagon, a battered wreck of a car with one mudguard torn off and the bodywork all plastered with mud and snow. He helped me in, and a moment later we were bumping and slithering between the trees that lined the track, and the heater was roaring a hot blast that was agony to my frozen limbs.

"You were searching for me, were you?" I asked. And when he nodded I knew that Lands must have contacted him. "You're Mr. Darcy then," I said.

"Ray Darcy," he grunted, not taking his eyes off the road. He was driving fast, the car slithering on the bends that rushed towards us in a blaze of white. "Bill reckoned I'd find you around Mile Two-fifty."

"You saw him, then?" I asked.

"Sure I did."

"And Laroche? Was he there?"

"Laroche?" He glanced at me quickly.

"No, I didn't see Laroche."

"But he was up there, wasn't he? He was at Head of Steel?"

"So they told me." And he added:

"You just relax now and get some sleep. Guess you're pretty near all in."

But this was the man I'd trekked through the night to see. Circumstances had brought us together and I wasn't going to waste the opportunity, tired though I was. "Did Lands tell you why I was here?" I asked him.

"Did he tell you about the transmission my father picked up?"

"Yeah. He told me."

"And I suppose he told you I was crazy to think Briffe might be still alive."

"No. He didn't exactly say that."

"Then what did he say?" I asked.

He gave me a quick sidelong glance. "He said you were James Finlay Ferguson's grandson, for one thing."

He dragged the car through the mud of a long S bend.

"And that to my way of thinking," he added, "is about as strange as the idea that Briffe should have been able to transmit a message."

"What's so strange about it?" I asked.

Why did it always come back to the Ferguson Expedition? "You do know what happened, don't you?" I said thickly. "I must know what happened to my grandfather."

"You mean to say that you really don't

Laroche turned from the girl. "I'm coming with you," he told me. "You have given me no alternative. . . ." I felt a sudden and inexplicable fear

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Here are my answers

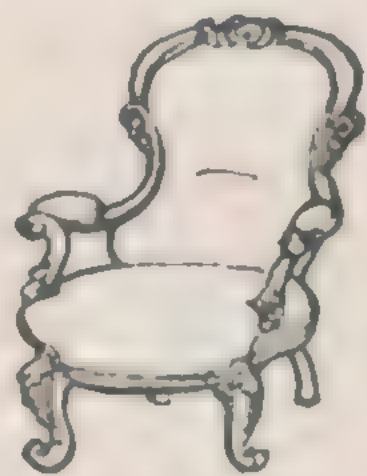
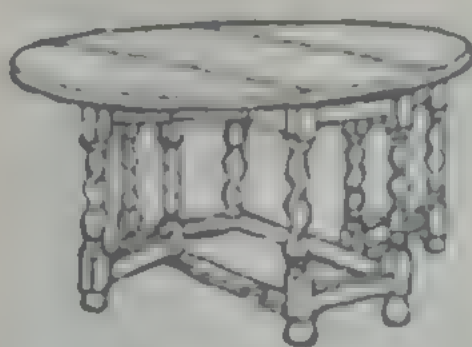
These are the answers to the quiz on page 12, as I see them, with the reasons for my choice. Did yours agree?

GOOD COMPANIONS

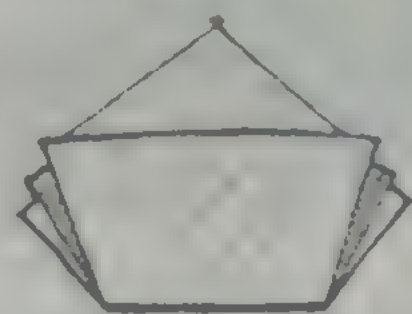


With a Victorian dining chair like this, I would use the plain modern round-topped dining table. The gate-legged table with all its legs and flaps is too fussy to go well with the chair. Their different styles of carved detail compete with one another. The simple uncluttered lines of the plain modern beech table leave the Victorian chair free to charm us with its curves and carving.

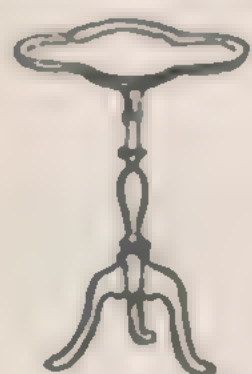
ODD MAN OUT



The plain lines of this modern settee would contrast most happily with the flamboyant curves and richly carved woodwork of the Victorian arm-chair. I would cover both with the same material to tie them together. I would not use the 'twenties arm-chair with the settee. Although they are near relations, design has improved since the 'twenties and they make a *bad* near miss.



I find this kind of "modern" mirror an ugly object anyway. It is particularly out of key with the classical lines and graceful bow of the Georgian mahogany chest of drawers. The Regency gilt mirror on the other hand, although later in period, has severe, well-disciplined lines which blend well with the chest. A mirror in a plain mahogany or beech frame would be a good alternative.



This pair is the exception which proves the rule. Although, generally, mahogany is not at its best with oak, the ladder backed chair will look well with the port table, as both have slender lines of turned wood and, although a different colour, they are similar in spirit. I find the round modern table a clumsy piece of no distinction, and, in any case, is much too low for the chair.

The brink of danger

continued from previous page

know the story of that expedition?"

"No," I replied. "That's the reason I wanted to contact you—that and the fact that you brought Laroche out."

He stared at me. "Goddamit!" he said. "If that isn't the queerest thing about the whole business. But you better relax now. We'll talk later."

I was too tired to argue any more. I'd come a long way and I'd found the man I thought could help me. My eyes closed of their own accord and consciousness slid away from me. When I opened them again dawn was breaking and we were running down into a huddled camp.

"Two sixty-three," Darcy said, seeing that I was awake.

IN the cold morning light the place looked raw and desolate. We drew up outside a hut that was set a little apart. "I'm usually better organized than this," Darcy said as he pushed open the door. "But I've only been here a few weeks." He went over to the iron stove at the back and fed logs into it.

He only had part of the hut, a small bare room with two iron beds, some shelves full of books, several lockers and a cupboard. A big refrigerator, gleaming new, stood incongruously against one wall. There were several pictures, too; paintings of Labrador. I guessed they were Darcy's own work.

"Get your wet clothes off and hit the sack," he told me.

Steam was rising from my clothes. I sat down on the bed. "I've got to talk to you," I said. "Laroche will be here soon. Lands, too. If I don't talk to you now, it'll be too late."

"You don't have to worry about Laroche or anybody else," he said.

"Not for several hours yet. There's no airstrip here; they'll have to come by car and they won't start till after breakfast." He picked up a pair of long rubber boots. "You just get your clothes off and turn in. I'll be back in an hour or so."

He was moving towards the door and I jumped to my feet. "Where are you going?" I cried.

"Fishing."

It didn't seem possible he could be going fishing, not after being up all night. I don't know why, but I'd come so far to see him, I'd somehow taken it for granted he was on my side. And now I suddenly wasn't sure. There was a radio in the camp. He could talk to Lands at Head of Steel.

"What instructions did they give you about me?" I asked him.

HE reached out to a rack on the wall and took down a fishing rod swaddled in a green canvas case. "See here, young fellow," he said. "If I say I'm going fishing, I'm going fishing. Understand? You thought I was going to report to Lands, is that it? Well, I'm not. I'm going fishing. Okay?"

I sat there for a long time after he had gone, wondering about him. But gradually weariness overcame me, and I stripped and climbed into the bed.

I woke to find him standing over me and the sun shining in through the window. "Do you like salmon?" he said. He pulled up a chair and set a big dish down on it and a knife and fork and a hunk of bread. "Caught two. The boys and I had one. You got most of the other." There was the sound of voices beyond the partition. "Lucy!" he shouted. "You boys ready yet?"

"Oui, oui. All okay, Ray."

"I got to get the boys started on levelling up a new section of the grade," he said, turning to me. "I'll be about an hour. After that we'll go north as far as the trestle. Maybe I'll fish a bit whilst you tell me your story." The eyes glinted at me from behind their glasses. "Then we'll see. Maybe we'll talk to Mackenzie."

With that he turned and went out. The door closed and after a moment I began to eat my salmon. When I had finished, my energy was flowing back.

My clothes had dried out with the

heat of the stove and I put them on. Then I looked at the shelf of books above the bed wondering whether they would tell me anything about Darcy. They were mostly technical, but there was Isaac Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, a leather-bound volume of Shakespeare, and then four books that took me right back to the little room where my father had had his radio. They were *Labrador*, by W. Cabot, two volumes of *Outlines Of The Geography, Life And Customs Of Newfoundland-Labrador*, by V. Tanner, and a small, slim book titled *Labrador—In Search Of The Truth*, by Henri Dumaine.

Tanner's book and Cabot's I knew. But Henri Dumaine's was new to me and I took it down and opened it. I glanced at the fly-leaf. It had been published by a Toronto firm in 1905 and, thinking that it might have a reference to my grandfather's expedition, I started going carefully through it.

I found a reference almost immediately, at the foot of page five. He had written: *Thus it was on June 15, 1902, that the ship brought me to Davis Inlet and the Hudson's Bay Post there. I was at the starting point of the Ferguson Expedition at last. . . .*

I stared at that sentence, hardly able to believe my eyes. Here, in this hut at Camp 263, I had stumbled on a book that could help me. A few lines farther on I read:

Standing there, looking at the Post, so clean and neat in the cold sunlight, I was thinking of Pierre. It was to this place that the poor fellow had returned—alone.

I was thinking, too, of my wife, Jacqueline, and of all the hopes she entertained of my present journey. She had been at her brother's bedside when

DREAMS—I

Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that it was vanity; but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dreams with open eyes to make them possible.

T. E. Lawrence

he died and had listened to the last strange mutterings of a mind deranged.

I turned my back on the Post then and looked across the water to the hills of Labrador. I stood there in sudden awe, for somewhere out there lay the truth. If I could find it, then maybe I could clear his name of the vile accusations that had so darkened his last hours.

I turned the pages quickly, searching for some statement of the accusations, some hint as to what was supposed to have happened to my grandfather. But Dumaine seemed to assume his readers would know that.

He had had two coast half-breeds with him and it was clear that neither he nor they had much idea of bushcraft. Dogged by misfortunes, which were largely of their own making, they had reached Cabot Lake on July 19. They had then gone south across Lake Michikamau and had finally turned west towards the Ashuanipi. Here some Indians had described to them a wild, lone white man they had seen two years before.

There was no doubt in my mind that this had been my brother-in-law. Clearly we were still some distance from the place where death had overtaken Mr. Ferguson and I asked the Indians if they knew of the Lake I sought. I described it to them as Pierre had described it so often in his delirium. But of course the name that Pierre had given to the Lake meant nothing to them. . . .

The door behind me burst open and

VERSATILE WINE

The mellow smoothness of a glass of Port has a universal appeal.

To many it is the perfect end to a perfect day. But port is a wine of many parts. It is a versatile wine, equally appropriate as a mid-morning stimulant, as an aperitif, or as a wine to be savoured at leisure when good food is followed by good conversation.

All genuine port—the product of Portugal—is good port. The choice of type is largely a matter of taste or occasion. There is port to suit all palates and all occasions.

White port in its present form is a comparative newcomer to these shores. It was once made and shipped almost exclusively for the Russian aristocracy of Czarist days. It was a wine described at that time as of “sickly sweetness,” a decadent wine for a crumbling monarchy.

WHITE PORT

Today white port is available as a medium sweet wine or as a dry aperitif which is best served well chilled.

It is “different” with an invigorating tang that stimulates the appetite and mixes well with wine served at table.

Competing with white port as an aperitif, especially on the Continent, is tawny port, a wine of mature age invigorated by the addition of younger wines but left in the cask to absorb its colour of mellowed amber and its taste of exquisite appeal.

Tawny is not a vintage wine. It is a triumph of blending fortified during its long period of maturity with old aromatic brandy. It will throw no crust but neither will it throw any temperament. It is in fact a wine for all occasions.

A rich ruby port is one that by its very designation finds wide popularity. The term ruby conjures in the mind a colour both deep and rich. Add a bouquet of distinctive quality and a taste of full-bodied fruitiness and the result is a ruby port, a fine rich wine blended from various crops often of declared vintages.

GOOD “HOME” WINE

Ruby port—and the same applies to Tawny—improves in the bottle, which makes it a good “home” wine. Once opened it need not be drunk at once but will keep for several days, which is indeed the case with most ports.

Crusted port is the nearest relation to vintage port. It is less expensive to buy but has many of the qualities of a good vintage. It is blended from wines of different years but has been laid to rest for seven or eight years to mature and has acquired many of the attributes of its more expensive relation.

For the connoisseur none but vintage wine will satisfy. This is the classic port for all special occasions. It is the very best wine produced in any one year. But more than that it has been tended and cared for with infinite skill and patience over many years before reaching the stage at which it is to be drunk. Even in this final stage, it must be carefully decanted.

PORT

Well doesn't that remind you...?

remind you that there is no more gracious way to greet your guests than with a glass of the wine that glows with the traditional warmth of British hospitality. Your Off-Licence or Wine Merchant will help you choose from the wide range of fine PORTS. And remember, since the last Budget, a bottle costs 2/- less.

RUBY—robust, vigorous, full-bodied. Rich and satisfying.

TAWNY—older, lighter, mellower: perfect with a biscuit at mid-morning: or any other time.

WHITE—made from white grapes, deliciously fresh and light as a summer drink: slightly chilled, makes a new and delightful aperitif.

None of these PORTS needs decanting. They all keep for a long time after opening. But look for the words, 'Produce of Portugal' on every label.



Christmas
What a wonderful drink is **PORT**

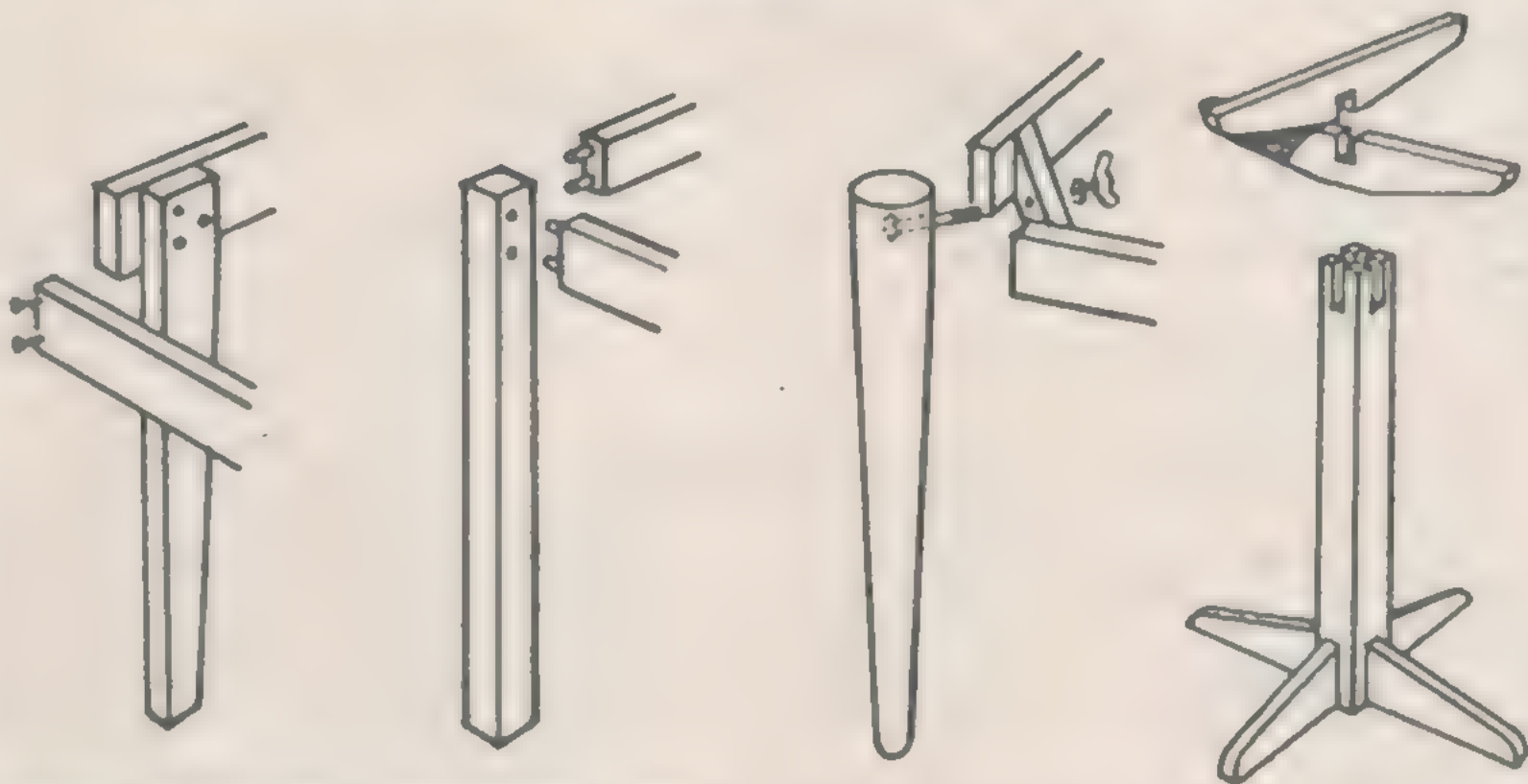
(Real Port comes only from Oporto in Portugal)

**KEEP
THIS**

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for jobs around the house

Handyman Guide II

SIMPLE LEG FIXINGS

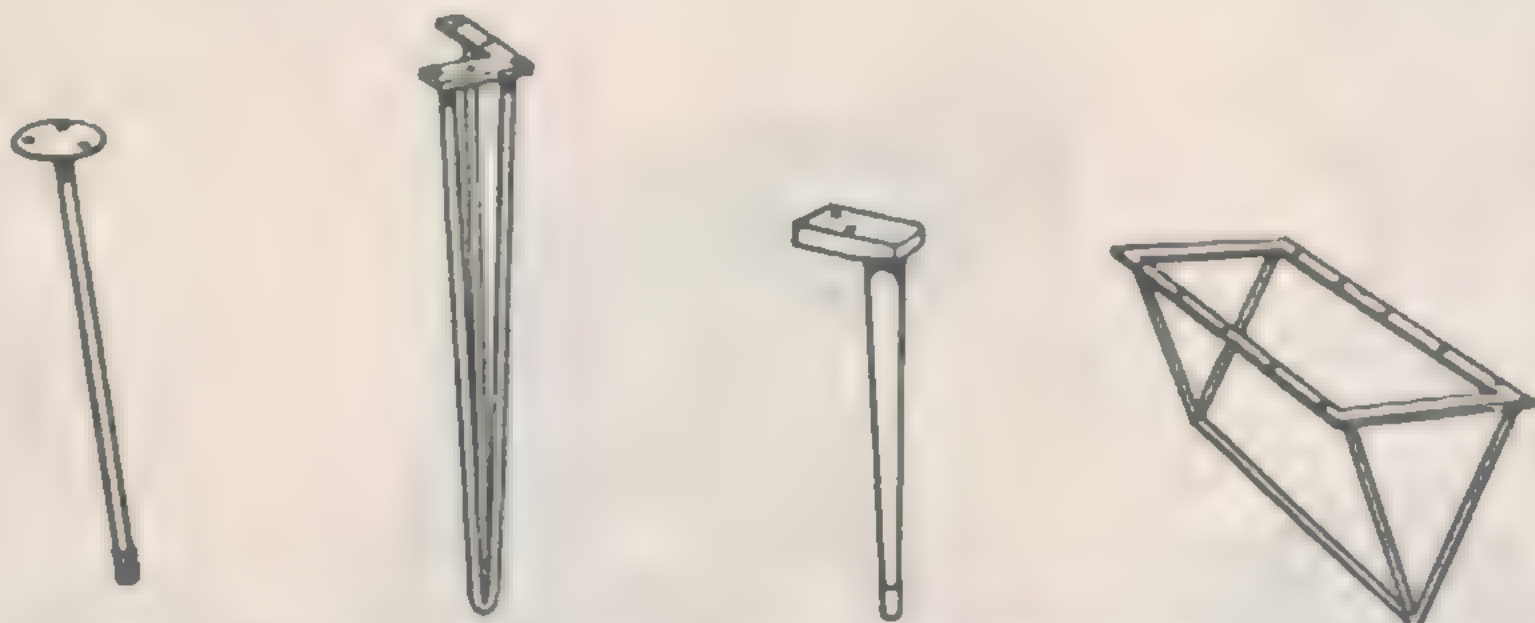


BUTTJOINTED LEG. The simplest of do-it-yourself leg fixings. No complicated joints are used—just screws and glue. Use for coffee tables, etc. Legs can be screwed at an angle to give a splayed effect.

DOWEL FIXING. This is a simple and strong method of fixing upright legs. Glue is used for fixing the dowels. Nails can be driven across the dowels for greater strength. Adaptable for any sort of table.

BOLT FIXING. Strong, and yet easily detachable by the removal of a wing nut. The bolt is countersunk well into the leg, and concealed with a dowel peg. An ideal method for dining tables, kitchen tables, etc.

PEDESTAL LEG. One central leg for coffee tables, etc. Top and bottom are constructed in exactly the same way. If the parts are accurately made, a good adhesive is quite sufficient to make a very strong fixing.



SINGLE PIN. These ready made steel legs are available from 6 in. to 18 in. long, and are therefore adaptable to a wide variety of uses. They are all splayed and have protective rubber feet, or self-adjustable glides.

TRIPIN. Similar to the single pin, but with three struts. Made in lengths up to 28 in. The angle fixing plate illustrated is an alternative to the one shown on the left. A type is available with a shelf bracket fixed to a leg.

WOODEN LEG. Ready made, these legs are available in plain or ebonized beech, with brass tipped or self-adjusting feet. Lengths from 6 in. to 28 in. A type is made that allows easy removal by unscrewing.

BENCH LEG. These legs give a strong support to a garden bench, or low fireside table. The larger bearing surface protects the carpet or lawn. They measure 15 in. wide and 12 in. high, and are sold only in this size.



"Mother warned me you might try to fake a breakdown"

The brink of danger

continued from page 22

I turned to find Darcy standing there. "All set?" he asked impatiently. And then he saw the book in my hand. "Oh, so you found that." He came in and shut the door. "I wondered whether you would." He took it and leafed idly through the pages. "Dull stuff," he said. "But interesting when you know the country."

"Or when you know what happened," I said.

"To Ferguson?" He looked at me quickly. "Nobody knows that."

"When you know what's supposed to have happened then," I corrected myself. "On page five. . . ." I pointed to the line referring to "vile accusations." "What were the accusations?" I asked him. "They were made against the survivor, weren't they? That was Dumaine's brother-in-law. It says so there. Who accused him and what did they accuse him of?"

"Goddarnit!" he exclaimed, staring at me. "It's the damndest thing I ever heard. You come all this way and you say you don't know the story."

"Well, I don't," I said. "I came up here because of Briffe."

"Because of Briffe, or because Laroche crashed in the same area?"

"Because of Briffe," I said. I was watching his face, wondering whether he, too, had guessed where the plane had crashed. I glanced down at the book again. I had only got about two-thirds through it. "Did Dumaine reach Lake of the Lion?"

"Ah, so you know about Lake of the Lion, do you?"

"Yes, but I don't know what happened there."

"Well, it's like I told you," he said. "Nobody knows for sure. Dumaine never got farther than the Ashuanipi. The poor devil spent more than a month searching for that lake. The big freeze-up was on them before they'd reached Davis Inlet. If it hadn't been for the half-breeds, he'd never have got out alive."

He shut the book and replaced it on the shelf. "The irony of it was that a woman came to Davis Inlet that year and strolled across half Labrador as though it were no worse than her own Scots moors. She had three trappers with her who knew the country and she came out as fit as when she started."

But I didn't intend to be sidetracked. "This man who accompanied my grandfather," I said. "Dumaine talks of him as though he were mad. A mind deranged by the tragedy of

what had happened, he says. What sent him mad? What was he accused of?"

He was leaning down, staring at the red hot stove, but he turned to me then and said: "He was accused of murdering your grandfather." And he added quickly, "Nothing was proved. Nobody knows what happened. It was just a wild accusation—"

"Who made it?" I asked.

He hesitated, and then said: "The woman I was talking about—Ferguson's young wife, Alexandra." He was staring at me with a puzzled frown. "You must know that part of it at least. Hell, boy, she was your own grandmother."

WHEN he realized even that was new to me, he shook his head and turned back to the stove.

"The newspapers got hold of her and printed some pretty wild things. Not that there was anything new in it. There'd been a lot of talk when the poor devil had come out alone raving of gold and a lake with an island of rock shaped like a lion in it. He was half out of his mind then, by all accounts."

"So it was gold my grandfather was after, was it?"

"Sure. You don't imagine a seasoned prospector like Ferguson went into Labrador for the good of his soul, do you?" He fell silent then, but after a while he said: "Your grandmother must have been a remarkable woman."

"Did she reach Lake of the Lion?"

"God knows," he said. "But if she did, she kept damn quiet about it, for there's no mention of it in the newspaper reports. But she got farther than Dumaine, or else she got there first, for she came out with a rusted pistol, a sextant and an old map case that had belonged to her husband. But she never published her diary, though she admitted she'd kept one. Is the diary still in existence, do you know?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I replied. "I've seen the pistol and the sextant and the map case in my father's room. But I never knew there was a diary."

"Too bad," he murmured. "It would have been interesting to know the basis of her accusations. She was three months up here in the wild following her husband's route. I guess those three lonely months gave the iron plenty of time to enter into her soul."

He went over to the stove and held

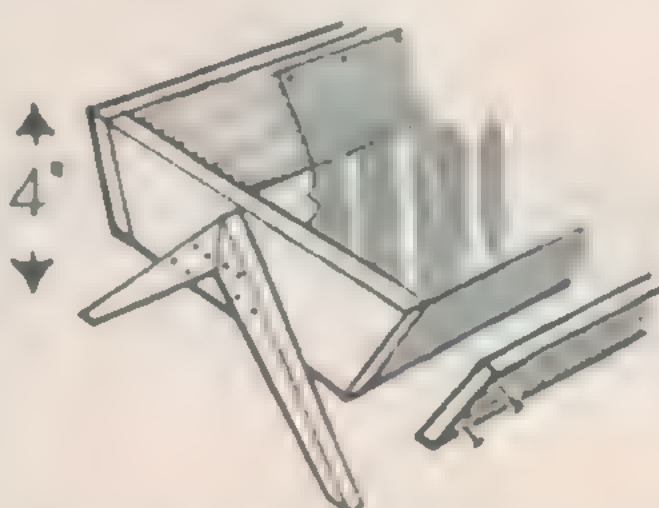
continued on page 36

It's an Idea

INDOOR GARDEN



This wooden trough on legs, which forms an attractive holder for a year-round tropical garden, was made by Mr. Arnold Hughes of 56 Union Street, Runcorn, Cheshire, who wins a guinea for his idea. The trough is made of hardwood, and it is lined with a tray made of aluminium or zinc sheeting to protect the wood from drips



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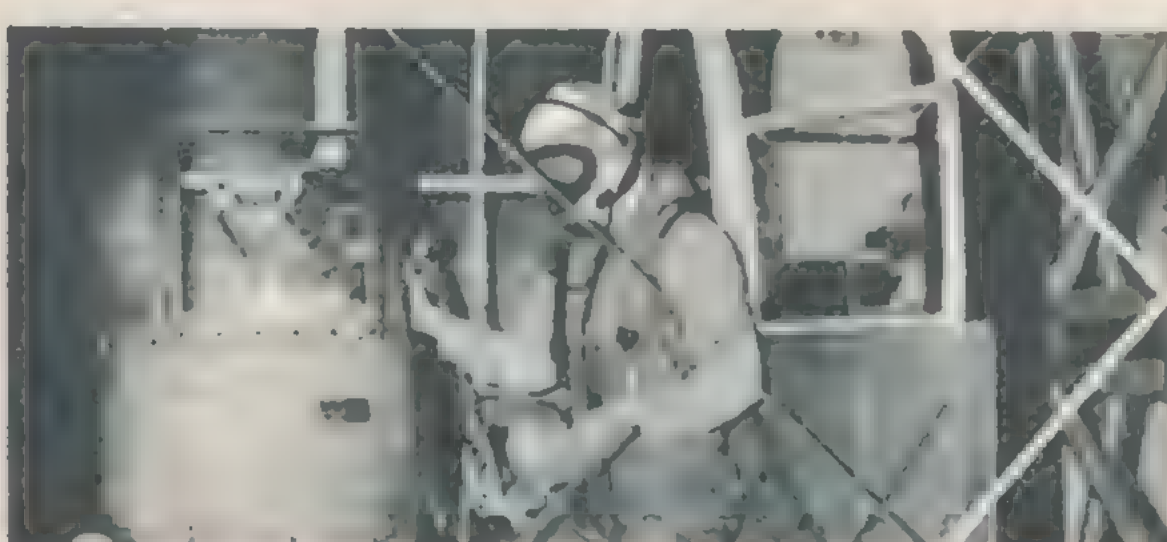
in flying in the missile age...



Flying on special operations. Men of jungle patrols in Malaya depend on the helicopters of the Far East Air Force for ammunition, water, food, and often their lives.



How adventurous are you? This Otter aircraft, taking part in the Trans-Antarctic Expedition, was flown 1,460 miles non-stop over the South Pole by the R.A.F.

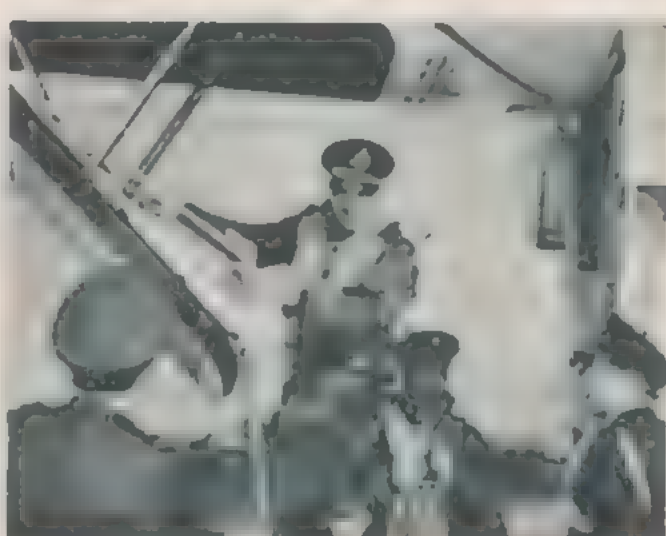


Research into flying. At the R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine, a medical officer, a qualified pilot, wearing the latest flying clothing, prepares to enter the man-carrying centrifuge used for studying the reactions of men subjected to 'g' forces.

if you're good enough to fly



Can you shoulder responsibility? The greater your experience as an aircrew officer, the greater your responsibilities: to the men under you; in administrative liaison or training. Air traffic control typifies some of the duties that may come your way.



You continue to fly. In spite of heavy responsibilities a high-ranking officer continues flying throughout his career.

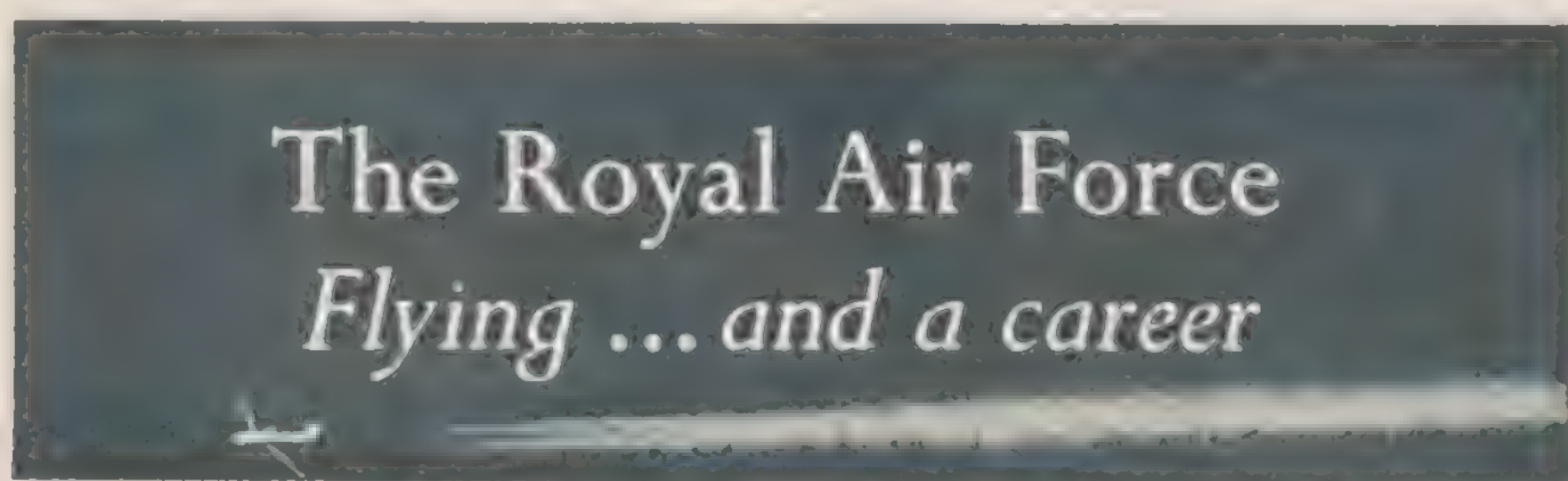


An aircrew relax. A cup of tea, and perhaps a few laughs. Traditionally, the crewroom has never been the place to stand on ceremony, especially during a welcome spell of relaxation.

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The ivory candlestick

continued from page 19

pretty things. I'd have brought you the lot, if I could have managed it. But a couple of Americans outbid me. This was all I could get."

He laid the candlestick in her lap.

For some moments she sat quite still, staring down at it. Then slowly, almost as if they moved against her will, her hands lifted and touched it, sliding over it like the hands of a blind woman rediscovering a familiar shape. Matthew watched her, aware that some tremendous struggle was taking place.

At last, she said. "Why did you bring me . . . this?"

"You told me you valued it the most of all your possessions, because Sir Peregrine gave it to you when you were courting."

"When did I tell you that?"

"The day you caught me looking round the Hall, m'lady. Thirty-five years ago, it must be. I expect you've forgotten, but I haven't."

"So it seems," she said.

She had an odd, defeated look. As if whatever she had been fighting against had vanquished her utterly. But the cold hostility had vanished from her face and he saw the first, faint glimmering of a smile.

"You have a remarkable memory," she said.

"For some things."

"For the important things. At least, the things that are important to other people." She hesitated, and then went on: "I've been trying to run away from the past, Mr. Buxton. I was so bitter at losing my husband and being turned out of Beauvois that I tried to pretend my life there had never existed. I chose this ugly house so that I needn't be reminded that I had once lived somewhere beautiful. I wouldn't even bring my own personal things. . . ."

She touched the candlestick lightly. "And now you come out of the past, bringing the one thing above all others

DREAMS—2

Dreams are excursions into the limbo of things, a semi-deliverance from the human prison.

Amiel

calculated to give me pain, the thing I most wanted to leave behind." The smile, sweet and self-mocking, grew stronger. "I should have known there was no escape."

"I'm sorry, m'lady."

"There's no need to be." She stood up, and he saw that her movements were brisker, that some of the old fire had come back into her face. "I believe you've saved me from something rather dreadful. I've been trying to kill myself—to commit emotional and spiritual suicide, by extinguishing my power to feel. That's very bad. Feeling is life. As long as you can feel, you can still be some use in the world."

She put the candlestick down on a chest on the far side of the hall. "So I expect I shall often wish you'd never brought it, but I'm glad you did, all the same." Without warning, her old, wonderful smile flashed out. "You've paid your debt—if it ever existed. I shall never be able to sink back into apathy while *that's* there. I shall have to start being sociable and useful in the district, instead of treating my neighbours as if they had the plague."

She turned away. "And now, you must let me give you something to eat. I'm a shocking dull cook, but you'll have to bear with that. Perhaps, if you come again, I'll have somebody here from the Hall to make the food more palatable."

And then she hurried away into the kitchen.

THE END

© Marguerite Murray, 1958

Now grow your own fur coat

by CYRIL WELLS

Anybody can do it. With a love of animals and £100 we struck lucky—in mink

WHEN I found three young chickens with their heads bitten off, I knew that I was up against a recurring problem for the mink breeder. One of my animals had escaped.

A few minutes later my wife came upon the mink glaring at Jacko, our pet monkey, and Skipper, the alsatian.

The three animals were waiting for one to make a move—and then the fur would fly.

My wife walked between them, talking to Jacko and Skipper to keep their attention off the mink. Then she bent down and picked it up quickly. They are wild animals and dangerous to handle, and it bit her through a finger. But she had saved a valuable animal, and perhaps a pet, too.

We started mink breeding in 1951 when I was forty-three. I was an industrial fireman at the time, but my wife and I loved animals and wanted to start a business of our own. We happened to see a book on mink in a London shop and decided to begin breeding them.

A flying start

I got the name of a Canadian mink rancher from Canada House in London and wrote to him, eventually buying two mated females from him for £60. They were dark, standard colour and were flown over to this country.

A mincer for their food, two cages which we set up in the back garden and other incidentals cost us £30. The following April the two mink had litters of six and seven, which was a good start.

Mink mate only in March, and in 1952 we bred from the first litters. I advertised in the local press and sold three of my mated females for £100.

One of the original females died of

pneumonia and we were left with nine females and three males. There were sixty-five baby mink from their litters.

The next year I imported two new males, a sapphire and a silver blue, to improve and vary our stock and colours. We now have about a hundred breeding females and thirty males, producing five to six hundred young mink each year. There may be anything from one to ten in a litter. The average is between five and six.

We ploughed everything back from the start and the mink have bought us a one-acre plot near St. Albans, a deep freeze for storing their food in bulk, an industrial electric mincer and food mixer and a caravan in which we have lived temporarily. Soon we hope to build a house there—which the mink will also pay for.

We sell the mink as livestock to other breeders, or to the Hudson Bay Company as pelts. Alive, their value varies with their colour, and the values of different colours vary as fashion changes.

The aim is to try to breed the colours that will be popular the following year.

The present prices for livestock are about £30 each for sapphires, £20 for standards and £22 for silver blue. Pelts sell at anything from £4 to £12 each, depending on quality, colour and sex. Male skins are slightly larger. White pelts are coming into fashion and fetch from £10 to £17 each.

Mink are easy to look after and require no fussing. They live in heavy-gauge wire cages, three feet by eighteen inches, with a detachable wooden nesting box at the rear, fifteen inches by ten inches by nine.

The cages are set in rows on steel tubing about three feet off the ground. I make my own cages—an unending job because I sell them with livestock, and litter time always calls for more. The tops of the cages are weatherproofed, but otherwise the animals live entirely in the open air.

They need good living quarters and good, clean food, served regularly.

The year's bill

We feed them on a mash of fish heads and trimmings, fluky liver, cereal, yeast and greenstuff. About half the mixture is cheap fish—some fishmongers give it away. It costs about 30s. a year to feed a mink this way.

They have their meal an hour before sunset, following the sun throughout the year.

The young, born in April, are fully grown and in peak fur condition in November, when those not required for breeding are killed for pelting.

This is done painlessly and without excitement. The mink are simply carried in their nesting boxes and placed, twenty at a time, in a large gas chamber. They are not disturbed or frightened and die in seconds from carbon monoxide in the same box in which they have lived.

My livestock sales are now mostly on recommendation and I send animals to Spain, Norway, Czechoslovakia and Poland. We now have a turnover of about £3,500 a year. Our breeding stock is worth about £5,000.

Although the mink are our business, my wife likes to talk to them. And they, in their wild way, grow fond of her and miss her if she is away.

There is nothing about this in the textbooks, but I am sure that this friendly relationship helps to keep the mink contented, and has been an important factor in our success in a fascinating business—which all started with a love of animals.

THE END

Cyril Wells shows his granddaughter Susan how to hold a mink without being bitten





In the West Indies the Queen invests a C.B.E. Already she has personally awarded more than 15,000 honours. One of her investitures was held in the lobby of an hotel



King George VI presents a V.C. in the

Tuesday is dubbing day at the Palace

by RENÉ LECLER

Eleven o'clock and another investiture has begun . . . the inside story of how the Queen honours her distinguished subjects

As the sun clock on the great white and gold State Ballroom at Buckingham Palace strikes eleven, a hush falls on the four hundred people standing in front of their tiny gilt chairs.

High up in the musicians' gallery, the Guards' band plays the National Anthem, and from a small door, almost invisible by the side of the high, crimson velvet throne, the Queen enters. She walks slowly along the 123-foot room to a small dais in the centre. She turns to face the assembly, smiles slightly and says: "Pray, be seated."

With a long, noisy rustle the crowd settles down. The band begins to play a medley, this one, oddly enough, from *My Fair Lady*. Standing on the Queen's right, the Lord Chamberlain, the sixty-two year old Earl of Scarborough, announces in a loud, clear voice: "The Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. To be Knights Grand Cross. . . ."

And on this Tuesday morning at eleven another Royal investiture has begun. It could be any Tuesday at this time of year. For the Queen, back from Balmoral to the autumn mists of the Mall, the long season of work is under way.

In five ceremonies she will personally decorate more than one thousand of the Britons whose names appeared in the Birthday Honours List in June. She is well used to the task. Since her reign began in February, 1952, she has personally awarded honours ranging from the gorgeous blue and gold Garter to the relatively humble M.B.E. to 15,500 people. Her father, King George VI, decorated more than 100,000 of his subjects personally.

The investiture ceremony, which lasts one hour and eight minutes exactly, follows the traditional, unhurried pomp of Court. Normally it takes place in the State Ballroom, one of the twelve State apartments on the first floor, facing the gardens. But there have been exceptions.

Twice during wartime air raids, King George VI held it in the Grand Hall on the ground floor. Once he held an investiture in a Dutch field and another time in a camp in North Africa. The Queen has held one in the British Embassy in Washington and several in Australia and New Zealand.

At least once a week she awards an honour privately, perhaps to an outgoing Colonial governor, a judge or an ambassador. Frequently she gives the Royal Victorian Order—her own personal mark of gratitude—to people who have served the monarchy.

Occasionally, as a special mark of



Grand Hall. During the war he ordered that photographers should be allowed into Palace investitures to let the nation see its heroes being decorated

favour, the Queen holds a one-person investiture, such as when she gave the C.B.E. to Professor Georg Maurer, the German surgeon who looked after victims of the Manchester United air crash.

As with all Royal occasions, an investiture brings hard work. Nothing is left to chance, and, though near misses sometimes occur, records show that only one serious mistake has ever been made: in 1889 Queen Victoria knighted the same man twice.

After the twice-yearly Honours Lists have been published, Court officials get ready for the thirteen or fourteen investitures to follow. The Lord Chamberlain instructs the Secretary of the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, Brigadier de la Bere, to issue the Queen's Command to those people she has honoured.

Under the Royal crest he writes: "I have the honour to inform you that the Queen will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace on . . . at which your attendance is requested. I am desired to say that you should arrive at the Palace between the hours of ten o'clock and ten-thirty a.m. and that this letter should be shown on entering. . . . Two guests may accompany you to watch the ceremony. . . ."

The admission of guests is a recent innovation. During the last war King George VI realized that many relatives would be proud to see their men decorated and he initiated the system.

George VI also decreed that the ancient Court dress, expensive and otherwise useless, was no longer *de rigueur*. Now service dress, a morning coat or a lounge suit may be worn.

The recipient of an honour can tell Brigadier de la Bere that he cannot attend on the date named and another date is arranged. He can also ask for his decoration to be sent by post.

A travel warrant

A recipient may reply that he cannot afford to travel to London; in this case the organization sponsoring him is bound to give him a railway warrant and pay his expenses.

The Treasury pays for all honours in Britain except the Royal Victorian Order, for which the Queen herself pays.

The most expensive Order is the Garter, its thirty-ounce collar of gold costing up to £1,500, though before India's independence in 1947 the sovereign frequently gave the Order of the Star of India, whose diamond-studded badge cost well over £3,500.

A week before each investiture, Brigadier de la Bere prepares the

official programme, which lists all the recipients in the order of precedence of the honours they have gained, headed by the Victoria Cross and George Cross.

He then draws up another list, a private one, which carries under each name a mention of the recipient's status, the reasons for the award and other personal details.

He might write that the recipient was once decorated by the Queen's grandfather or that a policeman had saved a child from drowning.

Like all members of the Royal Family, the Queen has evolved her own method of memorizing such documents. Her technique rarely fails.

Ten o'clock guests

At ten o'clock on investiture Tuesday the first cars drive across the forecourt and quadrangle of Buckingham Palace to the Grand Entrance.

There, the State Livery Porters in their scarlet and gold uniforms throw open the double glass doors and direct the visitors to the Grand Staircase.

One well-known Australian athlete summoned to an investiture got no farther than the Grand Entrance. He turned tail and fled back across the courtyard with a Gentleman Usher in hot pursuit. In a small room under the Palace archway the Australian was given a glass of Royal whisky and gently coaxed to the Ballroom.

Less overawed was the Yorkshire woman who, on entering the Palace recently, was heard to say: "How on earth do they clean this place?"

The first Palace officials seen by visitors in their progress up the Grand Staircase are the Gentlemen Ushers, retired officers in full dress.

They stand on the first landing where the staircase divides. Guests are shown into the State Ballroom, with its lovely chandeliers of rose crystal, its rows of gilt chairs and pink sofas.

Recipients of honours are made to turn right. Some are shown into the white Drawing Room, others into the black and gold Picture Gallery, where many of the Queen's £2-million collection of paintings are kept.

One of Brigadier de la Bere's officials then checks each name and its pronunciation and the honour to be received, and pins a small metal hook on the man's jacket. It is on this hook that the Queen will place the decoration.

Next the recipients are formed into a long queue right along the corridor to the State Ballroom.

Nine people stand near the Queen during an investiture. On her right are the Home Secretary, who announces

the names of the Knights Bachelor (if there are any; these are usually conferred early in the series of investitures), and the Lord Chamberlain, who introduces all other recipients of honours. Two paces behind the Queen stands her duty Equerry-in-Waiting.

On her left is the Master of the Household, Major M. V. Milbank. Next to him is Brigadier de la Bere, who stands in front of a small table on which all the orders have been placed. Two Gentlemen Ushers stand a little farther from the dais, near the Queen's two Gurkha Orderly Officers.

The first people to be decorated are those who receive high gallantry awards, Grand Crosses and the collars of various Orders. Brigadier de la Bere lifts the decoration off the table and places it on a red velvet cushion held chest high by the Master of the Household. This official then turns to the Queen, who takes the decoration off the cushion and, in the case of a collar, places it around the recipient's neck. She then shakes him by the hand and says a few words. The man bows and turns to leave.

Then comes the dubbing of new knights. From her Equerry the Queen gets the dubbing sword; at her first investiture she used the naval sword given by King George VI to the Duke of Edinburgh as a wedding present; since then she has used a lighter one, a Scots Guards sword of her father's.

A Gentleman Usher brings a small velvet-covered stool which has been used for this purpose since 1910.

The new knight approaches as his name is called out and kneels on the stool on one knee. The Queen gently taps him with the sword on the right and then on the left shoulder.

Contrary to popular belief, the Queen never says: "Arise, Sir John" or "Arise, Sir Thomas." This phrase goes back to the days when English kings rewarded valour on the battlefield by picking a brave man out of the fray and dubbing him. Not knowing his name, the sovereign usually inquired and then spoke the famous phrase.

A knighthood is probably the honour which most changes a man and the significance of the ceremony is not lost on guests who crane forward to look at the man who entered the room a plain "Mister" and leaves a "Sir."

The pace of the ceremony quickens. As the Lord Chamberlain reads the style of the honour, the rank and the name of the recipient, the Queen turns to the Master of the Household, takes the medal from the cushion and places it on the man's jacket.

Her memory is remarkable. One

man honoured recently says: "The Queen asked how my daughter was. She knew that the child had polio."

On special occasions the Queen may converse much longer. In 1954, when she gave a posthumous V.C. to the small daughter of a Korean War hero, she received the little girl in the State Dining Room, sat down, made the child sit opposite her and talked to her for ten minutes. Other members of the Royal Family act differently.

The Queen Mother disregards time altogether. Some years ago, when she decorated a London policeman for bravery during an encounter with criminals, she kept him talking for six minutes to find out every detail.

The Duke of Gloucester tends to be solemn at investitures; the Duke of Edinburgh, who deputized for the Queen for the first time last July when she was ill, was cool and businesslike.

King George VI, especially during the war, outdid everyone in informality. Often when decorating an R.A.F. man the King would demand a lot of details and the ceremony ended with King and airman making sweeping, flying gestures with their hands.

The small back room

After bowing to the Queen, every recipient of an honour is shown into a small room where his order or decoration is placed in a box lined with velvet or silk and handed back to him.

Investitures are kept deliberately short and numbers are usually kept to about two hundred. This is because the ceremony is very tiring for the Queen, who stands throughout, as well as, sometimes, for the recipients. Some years ago one man was so overcome that he fell down the Grand Staircase—happily without hurting himself.

One woman who recently received an honour from the Queen suddenly decided to return to the Ballroom saying that she had forgotten to thank the Queen. With difficulty officials convinced her that a letter would do.

For sovereign and people, an investiture is part and parcel of an enduring tradition as well as a brief but worthwhile meeting. Yet sometimes it just isn't long enough. George VI, a keen philatelist, once gave a man the O.B.E. and discovered that he had one of the country's finest stamp collections.

For close on ten minutes the two men talked about penny blacks until the King suddenly remembered the occasion and said: "You'd better come along tomorrow morning and I'll show you my collection . . . we can't keep all these people waiting." THE END

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Can Nixon still reach the White House?

continued from page 10

humour to comment: "At least, we've got the dog vote."

He got more than the dog vote. His self-written speech—as all his speeches are—turned the scandal into political capital and the charges against him collapsed. Eisenhower became President, and the grocer's son was Vice-President.

The experience has made him particularly wary of anything which might look like graft. He runs his office like a private business, always with an eye on the finances. He even refuses to accept money for lectures, though his predecessor was often paid \$5,000.

Nowadays he takes time over his decisions and his statements, and refuses to shoot back replies to his critics. This is the result of reading political history, his favourite relaxation. He has learned that many world leaders, especially Americans, made their big mistakes when fatigued or angry. "When he's tired he pushes aside his problems until he is fresh again," says one of his staff.

Cautious decision

One evening recently he was faced with a relatively simple problem. Nixon outlined his answer but refused to give his decision until the next morning. It was still the same decision but he would not let it out until he had slept on it.

Behind his outer coolness and apparent self-assurance, he is a genuinely shy person, which is one reason why he has very few close personal friends.

As a young lawyer he often blushed hotly when some pretty young client began to pour out her troubles in a divorce case. At his Washington office he stands around like an awkward schoolboy whenever there is a Christmas presentation or a secretary's engagement party. He always says that he hates asking anyone personally for a contribution to a political fund, though he can go on to television before millions and do just the same thing.

He has often been urged to engage a top public relations man to "humanize" him, but he refuses. "I like to be as I am," he says. "If the time comes when the Republican Party and voters are looking for an outwardly warm, easy-going, gregarious type then they will not want the sort of man I am."

Nevertheless he has a shrewd sense of public relations. When Eisenhower returned from the 1955 Geneva Conference, Nixon and a group of other V.I.P.s stood in heavy rain waiting for the President's plane to land. Each man held an umbrella, but each umbrella remained folded so that by the time Ike appeared the group was saturated. Nixon's reasoning was that the umbrella was Neville Chamberlain's trade-mark and the symbol of his appeasement policy, and Nixon wanted no discouraging reminders that Geneva might be another Munich. "He scored his triumph of symbolism," said one diplomat, "and everyone got nicely soaked."

Family man Nixon

Camermen have been welcomed to photograph the Vice-President playing piggy-back with his two daughters, Patricia (twelve) and Julie (ten), in the garden of their Washington home, and once when a group of foreign correspondents were gathered in the Washington Press Club bar, the non-smoking, non-drinking Nixon wandered in alone, ordered drinks all round, and chided an Irish-born correspondent for choosing Scotch instead of Irish whiskey.

Like the President, he has been bitten by the golf-bug in recent years.

On the rolling, manicured fairways of the exclusive Burning Tree Golf Club on the outskirts of Washington, where women are barred from the course and club house, he is a familiar figure attacking the ball with a typically energetic but somewhat unorthodox

swing which too often sprays his shots in unexpected directions. After a game he likes to stroll about the dressing-rooms clad only in an insecurely hitched towel. "I'll never be a threat to Ben Hogan," he freely confesses.

He has the kind of cosy family life that appeals to Americans, who like their public men to mirror their own ideals. Patricia Nixon has great drive and energy and is a popular social leader in Washington. Already she plays a bigger rôle in public affairs than does Mamie Eisenhower. Many people say that she would make a fine First Lady, though whether she will get the chance to live in the White House is still a matter of conjecture.

Nixon himself prefers not to discuss his personal future, though he has often intimated that he would like to be President. "When I first came to Washington," he said recently, "I was a bit naïve about public service. I suppose I was a kind of dragon-slayer. I was soon disillusioned. I know now that you often have to take half a loaf when you want the whole loaf."

This was the "new Nixon" speaking—the man who, after the 1956 Republican convention, when he was almost dropped from the Vice-Presidency, learned the lesson that a "killer" in politics will be used but will have no friends. He set out to make friends.

He became Nixon the statesman, calm, judicious, soft-spoken. As a member of the National Security Council, as the President's personal representative on foreign missions, as a party counsellor, he disengaged himself from the diehards.

He made philosophic political

DREAMS—3

Dreaming is a further helping of experience, a bonus after dark, another slice of life cut differently, for which we are never sufficiently grateful.

J. B. Priestley

speeches, he called for national unity in foreign affairs, he reassured the business and financial community on the recession, he became the voice of the underprivileged, so that nowadays he has a solid following among American Negroes, whose interests he watches closely.

Nixon was virtually a national hero when he returned from a tour of Latin America last May, having withstood the stones and insults of hostile demonstrators with courage and dignity.

One thing the "new Nixon" was not prepared for was that the tide would turn against the Republican Party—as it has. In times of distress, the Republicans are apt to look to new "hopefuls" as they looked to Wendell Willkie in 1940. And, as luck would have it, a new hopeful has appeared in the person of the very ingratiating Nelson Rockefeller, elected Governor of New York State on November 4—a personal triumph in the face of a nationwide Democratic victory at the polls.

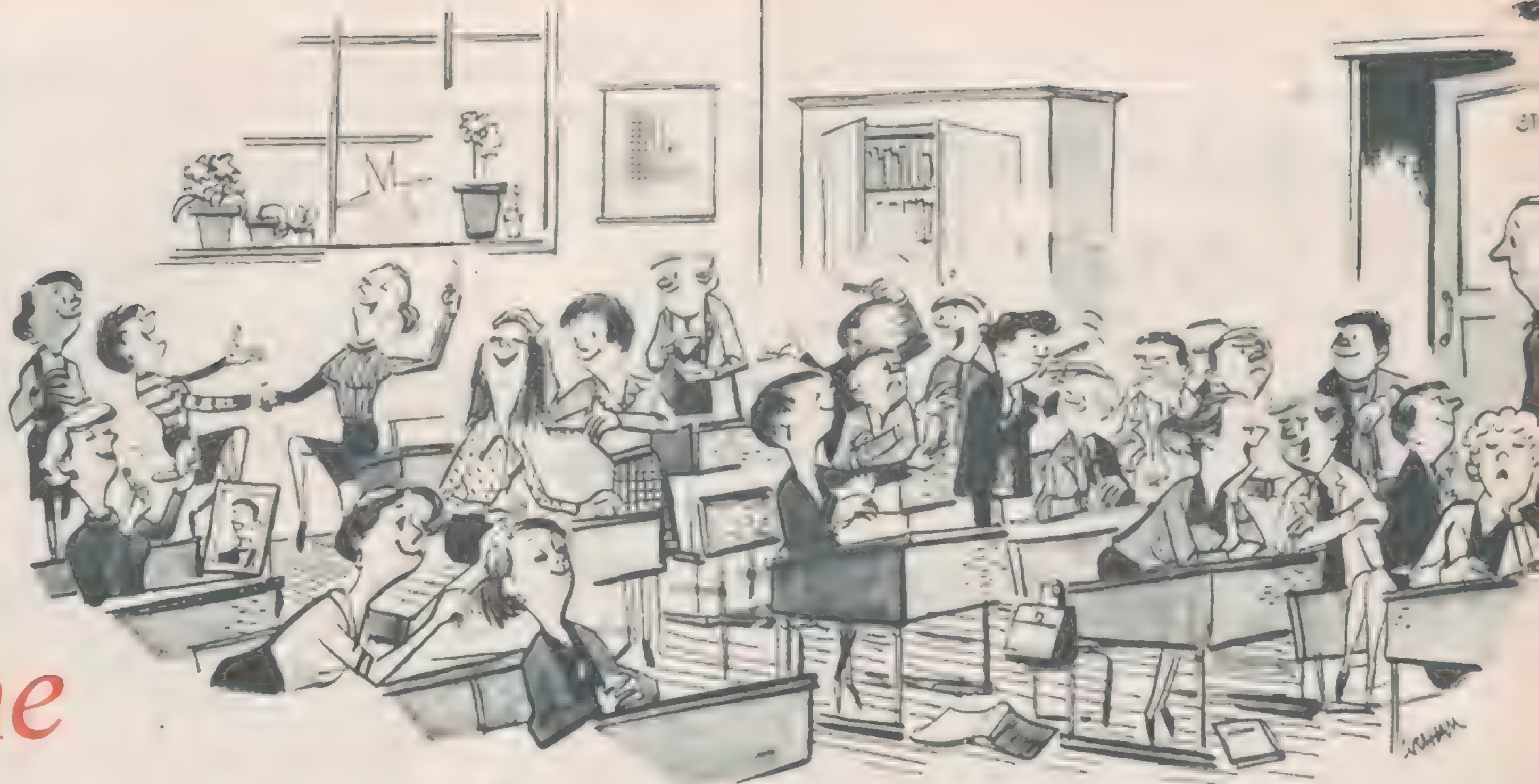
No Republican aspirant these days can get the Presidential nomination without the support of the ninety-strong New York delegation at the national convention. Even before Rockefeller's election triumph, his growing strength as a "moderate" Republican had meant that, for Nixon, the days when he could wait for the Presidency to fall into his statesman-like lap were over. Once again, he had to come out and fight.

If the "old Nixon" has re-emerged, it will be to try to stop the grandson of oilman John D. Rockefeller dashing the cup from his hand just as he was raising it to his lips.

THE END

The young devils

PART + 2



I face the girls of St. Stephen's

by JOHN TOWNSEND

WHEN I was still a newly fledged teacher I had the remarkable experience of doing some teaching in a secondary modern mixed school.

The school, which I shall call St. Stephen's, of London, was ruled over by a tall, regal lady, Miss Janet Tubbs, B.A. This is not her real name, I might add; nor, of course, do I give the real names of the other people in my story.

Miss Tubbs spoke with a refined cockney accent.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Townsend," she gushed. "You've come to take Miss Fenwick's place, haven't you?"

I smiled and nodded.

"You've been used to taking boys?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, you'll find our girls are very much the same, but perhaps a little more excitable."

An outburst of high-pitched laughter outside the room, followed by a shrill treble calling "Silly old cow!" confirmed her statement. I looked at Miss Tubbs, but she didn't seem to have heard anything.

Form 3B, which I took for English, consisted of sixteen girls and seventeen boys. The boys sat in the two rows of desks on the right, the girls on the left.

The day's subjects

When I first walked in on them, quite a few of the girls were doing each other's hair. At least three pairs of boys were following their example. They sat with the resigned patience of women having permanent waves, while their partners combed and patted.

In a clear space at the back of the class two girls in tight skirts and high-necked jumpers were doing a slow rock 'n' roll. The remainder sat and stared at me with a mild, gum-chewing interest.

"Can I see your English book?" I asked a girl sitting in a front desk. She tossed her head with a show of irritation that I had picked on her, and rummaged about in her desk.

"Can't find it," she said.

"They were all torn up and lost when that black man took us," said another.

"Are you married, sir?" called a girl.

"Five times," I replied, extravagantly, to avoid a discussion on my personal life.

"Ow—ark at 'im!" she said.

In slow stages I found that none of the class had pens, pencils or ink.

Then a prefect pushed his way into

The class was busy hairstyling, rock 'n' rolling and chewing gum. A girl asked me "Are you married?" Then two out-of-work old boys dropped in—to pass the time

the room and stood by my desk. "Are Jean Williams and Betty Dove here?" he asked.

"No!" shouted one or two in the class before I could reply. The prefect accepted their answer and left.

"Where are these two girls?" I asked.

A boy on my right said with an assumed off-handedness: "They've run away. The police have been looking for them for two days now."

"Who wouldn't run away from this place?" declared another.

"Why, what's wrong with it?" I questioned, thinking I might just as well get a discussion going, instead of trying to teach something. But before anyone could answer, the door was thrown open and two seventeen- or eighteen-year-old boys slouched in.

"Where's old Boxer?" demanded one. "He used to teach in 'ere."

"Well, I think he must have left," I said.

"We wrecked this room," drawled one reminiscently. As he spoke he looked around as if wondering whether to repeat the past.

"All right," I said firmly, "you'd better go now. I've got some work to do."

"We drop in every time we're out of

work," one of the boys chatted, lightly sparring the air. After a few moments of awkward silence the boys looked round the class, winked at the girls, who giggled, waved their hands in half circles of farewell, and left.

It is almost true to say that the little the pupils learned at St. Stephen's Secondary Mixed was in spite of the school rather than because of it.

Cosmopolitan staff

Work suffered appallingly from the continual change of teachers, which, if it did nothing for the school academically, certainly made the staffroom a more interesting place. For example, I sat down to my school dinner one day with a Jamaican, a South African woman, a Pakistani complete with sari, a Canadian and a "resting" TV artist.

Among the temporary staff, Mr. Tinker was an outstanding figure. He was very tall, very thin, bearded and beautifully dressed. He taught art in a high vaulted room tucked away at the back of the school, where it looked as if a class had been liberally supplied with paint, water, crayons, and told to make as much mess as possible.

Mr. Tinker realized that he was never

going to teach anything, so he brought his guitar along to school and kept his classes reasonably quiet by playing and singing hill-billy songs to them.

The real tragedy at St. Stephen's, however, was not the poor education the pupils were getting, but the effect that the sloppy administration and indiscipline had upon the newly qualified teachers "directed" to the school.

Day after day they battled to survive the year's probation which they had been advised to spend in one school to gain experience. What happened to their enthusiasm, confidence and self-respect in the process mattered neither to Miss Tubbs nor the local inspectorate.

In four years—the length of time a pupil spent at St. Stephen's—the number of teachers who had resigned, or insisted on transfers, amounted to well over fifty; the number of temporary teachers ran into hundreds.

At the end of my month I returned to my original school, the Blackstone Secondary Boys', and so became one more teacher whom the pupils at St. Stephen's had just got to know before I left.

"Anyone seen my raincoat?" asked Mr. Stevens at midday. We were gathered in a half-circle round the staffroom fire, our stomachs battling to digest our school dinners. Nobody had, and it soon appeared that the coat could only have been stolen.

Fruitless search

"Cost me fifteen guineas," muttered Stevens. "I bought it only a few weeks ago."

"I should think it's out of the school by now," observed Mr. White, "but we'll search all the classrooms first thing this afternoon."

We looked, but without success. There was nothing more we could do about it except keep a closer eye on the staffroom in future.

Exactly a week later White lost his coat. We narrowed down our list of suspects to Gobbold of 3D.

"See if he's got a lighter in his pocket," suggested Stevens. "That was in my raincoat when it went."

At three o'clock White sent round a

Pupils from a snooty private school turned up their noses at Blackstone's boys—but the laugh was on them



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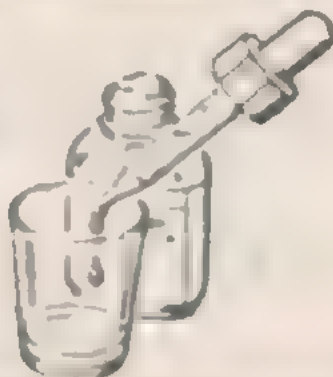
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The young devils

continued from previous page

note asking the staff to stay a few minutes after school. When he met us he was smiling.

"This yours, Stevens?" he asked, tossing a cigarette-lighter across to him. "Yes, it is. But did you get my coat?" questioned Stevens eagerly.

"Not yet, but we will," he replied.

It seems that Gobbold had a friend who was an old-clothes dealer, and the pair of them happened to be behind Stevens when he walked into school one morning a week previously. The dealer offered £5 for the coat, so Gobbold waited his chance and then nipped into the staffroom and stole it.

"After this," chuckled White, "they decided they were on to a good thing. They both came along and watched us arrive in the mornings. The dealer must have bought my coat while I was still wearing it."

Petty thieving was a perpetual nightmare for the headmaster, Mr. Benjamin Crabbe. It brought the school unwanted publicity and him into the courts to provide "characters" for the boys charged.

One of my pupils, Sydney Straw, started bringing me bunches of flowers.

The weeks passed and his flowers in a jar on our cupboard became a regular part of the classroom's decoration.

Towards the end of July, a few days before we broke up for the summer holidays, Sydney earned a school prize. His parents were invited along to see their son receive it, and were astonished when Mr. Crabbe told them of his generosity.

Sydney was brought along to face his parents and Mr. Crabbe. Mr. Straw immediately asked: "Where have you been getting these flowers you've been bringing to school, Sydney?"

Blooms at a pinch

Sydney looked at him with his wide, vacant blue eyes, a slight frown wrinkling his forehead.

"I pinched them off the graves at the cemetery on the way to school," he answered, hanging his head.

Unfortunately, not all the stealing in the school was committed by such simple characters as Sydney Straw. One morning I noticed that Paxton, a fifteen-year-old with dark features and hair set in the latest teddy-boy fashion, was walking with a limp.

"A police car ran over my foot," he told me.

"How on earth did that happen?" I asked.

"Well, I knocked off a car and they

rammed it to stop me. When I got out to run away they caught my foot," he said.

I shook my head, wondering what these boys would do next.

"And now?" I asked.

"I'm up at court on Monday afternoon."

He spoke as if he was going to the pictures.

A daily hazard which I faced with 4D was their quick appeal to outside authority if they thought that I was in the slightest way breaking the regulations governing corporal punishment.

Time for action

Moving among the class, I had quite frequently to stop and check the talking and misbehaviour. When a straw dart—a broken pen-nib stuck in the end of a milk straw—landed on the blackboard with a light thud, I knew that I would have to take some action before they thought they could get away with too much.

"Where's your nib, Flynn?" I asked.

He turned down the corners of his mouth and shrugged.

"Is that it on the board?"

His eyes narrowed and he looked me slowly up and down.

"Is it?" I pressed.

"No!" he spat.

"Where is yours, then? You've been using one. The ink's still wet on your book."

"You lookin' for trouble?" he asked insolently.

"Did you throw that dart?" I pressed.

"Big-head," he said softly.

I slapped his head hard and he sprang up, pushed over his desk, picked up a metal cycle pump that had fallen out and lashed out at me. The pump hit the knuckles of my left hand and sent a pain shooting up my arm.

As he finished his blow he overbalanced and I managed to grab the pump.

"Outside!" I ordered, pushing him through the door.

"You're not goin' to cane me," he shouted defiantly.

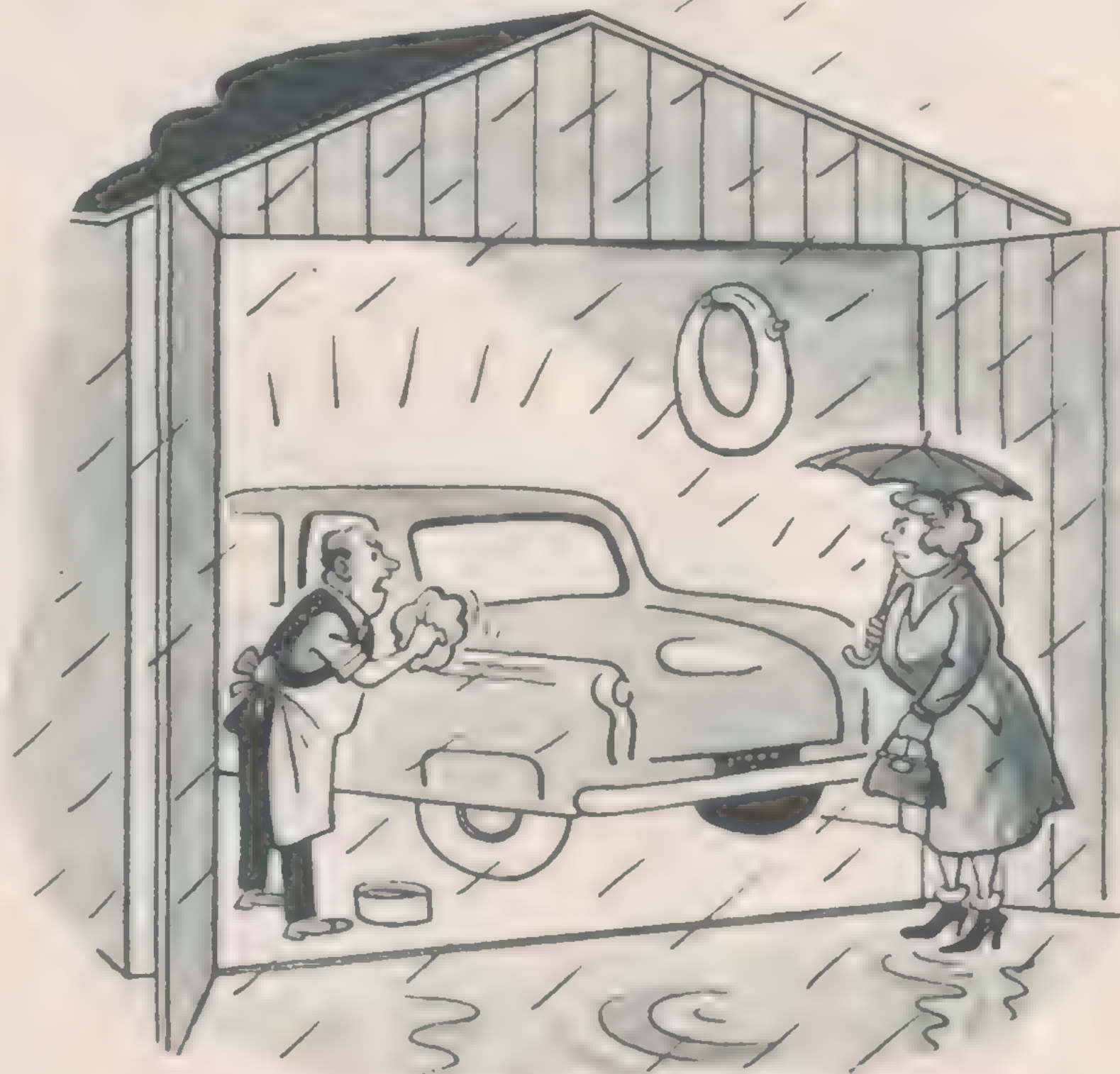
"No, the headmaster is," I snapped.

Mr. Crabbe listened with a pained expression and much head-shaking to my story of the incident.

"What's the trouble, Flynn?" he inquired mildly.

"I would 'ave 'it 'im 'arder, but I knew I could get three years if I did," declared Flynn.

Mr. Crabbe—who possessed so many



"Don't tell me you want to take the car out in this"

weaknesses that I had better explain that he is an imaginary character—much preferred giving warnings to administering corporal punishment. He persuaded Flynn to accept three strokes of the cane. Flynn gave me a contemptuous look and went back to the class.

"You placed yourself completely in the wrong by slapping him," said Mr. Crabbe.

I accepted his reprimand. But I couldn't help feeling that something was very wrong with the system when a boy like that could escape so lightly and I should be made to feel guilty for attempting to correct him.

After the form had been working quietly for a few minutes—no mean achievement for them—Birkett called: "How are teachers supposed to cane you?"

I looked at him suspiciously. "Why do you ask?" I countered.

"Well, Mr. Burrows, the bloke who was 'ere before you didn't 'alf cane funny."

"How was that?"

"He 'ad a squint eye and 'e caned me once. 'Hold out yer 'and,' he said. 'Go on—right out—as far as you can,' he said. Then he 'it me—whoosh—right on me 'ead."

I laughed and the class shared the humour.

"What about old Mistah Watkins who used to be 'ere?" yelled Dumper. "'E was mad!"

I raised my eyebrows inquiringly.

"'E'd come into the classroom and if 'e caught you doin' anything wrong 'e was like a wild thing. 'E'd pull you out of your seat, punch you, pull your 'air, and then he would shout: 'Self-control, that's what you need!'"

There are some boys who do not seem to respond to any kind of treatment. Harry Bunce was one. He was fourteen and a half when I first met him, slimly built, with a shock of black hair that emphasized the paleness of his face. He wore very tight jeans topped by a heavy red and black sweater, and he walked, hands in his pockets, with a swagger that cocked a snook at the world.

Killed the goldfish

Two weeks previously he had returned from an approved school where he had been sent for stealing. On his first day back in school he killed an aquarium full of goldfish by pouring ink into the water.

I first clashed with Bunce when I took 3C for English one wet Thursday afternoon. All through the lesson he had talked, called out and generally upset the class. So at half past four, when the others went home, I told him I was keeping him in for an extra quarter of an hour.

Bunce's reaction to this news was immediate. He got up, walked down the row and picked up an empty milk bottle from the crate at the front of the class. I stood between him and the door.

"You see this?" he said. "You'll get it if you don't let me out."

"Put it down and don't be a fool," I ordered.

"What will you do?" he scoffed, his arm going back.

"I'll throw you out of that window," I threatened.

"Ha!" he snorted.

"And you see this." I indicated the large wooden rule hanging down the blackboard, close to my hand. "I'll beat the living daylights out of you with it."

Harry's arm wavered, then dropped. "I ain't staying in annuver night," he blustered.

"Put that bottle back in the crate and sit down," I said uncompromisingly.

Reluctantly he did as he was told.

"My bruvver will get you," he promised.

In my two years at the school I was threatened with all sort of horrible endings from all sorts of people the boys were either related to or who could be called upon when a teacher needed "bashing up."

"My muvver!"—never described.

"My father!"—always a much bigger man than me.

"My bruvver!"—usually a boxer, or just home from the navy.

"My uncle!"—a person who appears

to have spent his youth wrestling and now knocks coppers about.

"My pal!"—invariably lives next door, hates teachers and did terrible things to them when at school.

The most sinister threat I received came from Shadbolt's father, after I had caned his son for stealing:

Dear Mr. Townsend, I have to inform you that your assault on my son has been noted in the books of my party.

Mr. Shadbolt was a Communist.

Form 2C had known for a month that they were going on a visit to the Natural History Museum, and when they arrived at school on the morning of departure it was quite evident that they had taken full advantage of this knowledge.

"You need only bring enough for your lunches," I warned.

No mere snacks

But when the whistle blew and they came into the classroom to get their attendance mark they looked as though they had provisioned themselves for a week.

Tommy Spinks arrived with a bulging carrier-bag in each hand, one containing his drinks, the other his food. Jimmy Slip followed him in, dragging a small suitcase. Henry Billett entered wearing a man's rucksack covered with the flags of the world. It hung on him like a pilot's parachute and banged his bottom as he walked.

"Off on me travels," he said cheekily by way of greeting.

I set off from school, heading a long, chattering crocodile of boys who pumped, skipped, jumped and leaped along. After a half-hour bus ride, during which there was much popping of lemonade bottles, rustling of food wrappings and shouting at pedestrians, we arrived within walking distance of the museum.

We reached the tall iron entrance gates just as pupils from a smartly capped and blazered private school were quietly filing in.

"Would you mind keeping your boys back so that mine can get through?" ordered a haughty woman from under a brown velvet uniform hat.

I glared at her, and Walker, trying to squeeze past, trod on her toe. "Oh!" she exclaimed disgustedly, and stalked off.

Inside the museum a gloomy faced attendant watched our arrival.

"Hope they haven't come to collect things in those bags," he grumbled. But when I looked round the boys had gone, swallowed up by the galleries of exciting animals and birds and fishes.

At first it seemed quite strange to be alone, rather as if I had just recovered from a long illness or woken from an awful nightmare.

A little after three o'clock I began to walk round the museum, telling the occasional boy whom I met that it was time to go. After a while it struck me that I hadn't seen many boys.

News of disaster

I crossed the main hall to the entrance and saw Nobbs standing in an alcove. He began to wave frantically.

"The attendant's got them all outside, sir," he whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"You know the pencils you gave us to draw with? Well, they started to write their names on the museum walls outside. The attendant is making 'em wash them off."

"Come on," I said disgustedly.

"No!" exclaimed Nobbs, pulling me back. "Don't go out. It'll spoil everything."

"Things have been spoiled enough already," I retorted.

"No, they haven't. When the attendant asked us what school we were, we gave him the name of that one that came in the gates in front of us this morning. So don't say anything now," he implored.

Form 4C, although outwardly giving the appearance of being poorly off, were in fact the richest form in the school. I discovered this by remarking innocently, the first time I took them, that

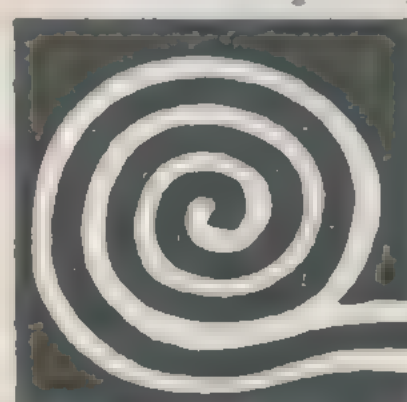


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The young devils

continued from previous page

there seemed to be a strong smell of horses in the room.

"That's Jungle, sir," explained one boy. "He sleeps with 'is."

"Jungle?" I said.

"Yer, Jungle Lyon." He waved his hand towards Harry Lyon, a stockily built boy who sat in the middle row and wore an old tweed jacket that reached down to his knees.

"What do you mean, he sleeps with his?" I asked.

"His 'orse," replied the boy.

"Have you got a horse?" I asked Jungle.

"Got free," he said proudly.

"Your own?"

"Naw, one's mine, the other two's me dad's."

"What do you use them for?"

"Totting!" chorused the class before he had a chance to reply.

My junior totters

By dint of questioning I discovered that "totters" are people who tour the London streets hawking for scrap metal and old lumber. A successful totter had his own pony and cart. There were at least a dozen junior totters in my class.

In science quite a number of the pieces of apparatus are made of copper, brass, iron or lead, and I found that 4C were always far more interested in the weight and probable price they would get for the metal being used in the experiment than in the experiment itself.

There are, however, certain snags in having boys in a school who are financially interested in metals. I recall one occasion when Mr. Crabbe rushed into my class and, speaking in an urgent undertone, ordered: "Get them all into the main hall as quickly as possible!" Before I had a chance to ask why or what, he had gone.

When all the school had gathered in one large chattering mass, and the staff had grouped together questioning each other, Mr. Crabbe hurried up and said: "I want you to separate and search all the classrooms and any other place you think it might be hidden."

"What are we looking for?" we asked.

"Oh!" he said, remembering he hadn't told us. "Half the copper roof off the woodwork centre has gone. I don't think it's out of the school yet, so let's see if we can find it."

We never did, and although 4C were strongly suspected, they never revealed by word or gesture that they knew anything about the theft.

When the area office sent the school a relief music teacher in the attractive shape of Miss Beatty, her demure looks and obvious charms obtained many promises of help if she ran into trouble. Her progress through the school was

marked by a succession of riots quelled by a succession of willing masters. But not 4C; they behaved in a manner that frightened me.

When I looked in on them in the hall during a music lesson they were behaving like angels. Quietly I tiptoed along the side of the hall to Miss Beatty, abandoned to the joys of conducting a class that really sang for her.

They looked like choir boys snatched from the evensong. Even Mr. Crabbe, hearing a class actually singing, was alarmed out of his room, and stood watching with an expression on his face that plainly asked: "What are they up to?"

But nothing happened, and Miss Beatty, tempting providence I thought, asked them to finish by singing an old favourite of hers, "Who Is Sylvia?"

Afterwards, I spoke to Turner.

"You all seemed to like music with Miss Beatty," I remarked casually.

He grinned, but didn't seem inclined to comment.

"What was the attraction?" I persisted.

"Like singing!" he said.

"Turner!" I exclaimed, smiling my disbelief. "How can you stand there wearing your best bootlace tie and tell me that?"

"Go on, you saw her!" he declared.

"Saw her? What do you mean?"

"When she was standing against the window in that thin frock!" he said.

The playing fields used by the school were situated in the green belt around London, and every Tuesday and Thursday five luxury coaches arrived to take us to them. But before we started it was necessary to divide the boys up into groups of thirty, each under the supervision of one master. This sorting out was done in the main hall to the accompaniment of much shouting, whistle-blowing and the odd caning.

Not an easy journey

Travelling with thirty fourth-year boys from the school to the playing fields was not an easy job. The journey always began by a warning not to swing on the racks, spit out of the windows, shout at passers-by, smoke, or break the windows by winding them down too far.

The afternoon that I took 4B and a few left-overs from 4C across for games was wet and miserable, but as Mr. Crabbe had forgotten to cancel the coaches in the morning we had to go. The journey was enlivened by the usual outbursts of rock 'n' roll singing and feet stamping and dodge-me-around-the-coach.

When we got there I found that one of Stephenson's shoes had been thrown out of a window by a boy on the back seat. I knew, as I hadn't actually seen the incident, that it would be impossible to find the culprit.

The pitch, muddy and waterlogged, on which we were to play, was bordered

"The Young Devils," by John Townsend, is published as a book by Chatto and Windus, price 15s.

by a large wooded common. I sent fifteen non-players to stand along the touchline. Then I began sorting the remainder into two teams.

When I finally blew the whistle to kick off, they all immediately forgot about their positions—and everything else for that matter. They converged on the ball shouting, swearing and cursing; then raced up and down the field like a pack of hungry dogs fighting over a bone.

It was during a break in the game that Mr. Arkwright came across from his neighbouring pitch. "Looks like quite a big fire on the common," he said, pointing at a column of smoke behind the trees.

I looked for the boys on the touchline. They had gone.

I left my whistle with a boy and told him to try and keep some order in the game. Then Arkwright and I hurried off. Our way lay along a sandy bridle-path, but before we were half-way down it the sound of singing came to our ears. A man on horseback came round a bend in the track with a group of boys jog-trotting on either side of him.

As they drew nearer we saw that the rider was a grim, square-jawed man wearing a brown cavalry twill suit, a brown bowler and highly polished



FROST IN THE CITY

This frost, unkind to human faces,
Has yet designed in City places
Jewelled flowers and ferns: each
glittering
White crystal burns with fires of
Spring
In Winter days; its gay touch laces
The City ways with country
graces.

riding-boots. What he thought of the mob surrounding him was etched on every line of his face. As he bounced rhythmically in the saddle they roared out the Davy Crockett song and he was obviously "King of the Wild Frontier."

"You in charge of this lot?" he asked. I nodded.

"I caught them back there by the fire. They said they were helping to put it out; my guess is they started it."

"We arrived just in time to stop it spreading," asserted Ringer vigorously.

Parents come in all shapes and sizes, and one is always liable to pop up in a lesson. Usually the presence of a parent is signalled by the class suddenly losing interest in its work and looking towards the door. This is the time when, before turning to see who it is, I put on my meet-the-complaining-parent look. Experience has taught me that a soft answer never turns away wrath.

The man or woman outside invariably wears an expression of tight-lipped indignation, white-faced anger, or just an overall intense dislike.

Fortunately, meetings with past and

present pupils out of school are usually less unpleasant. The greetings are noisy and persistent until acknowledged.

These encounters are not unpleasant, provided they are short and reasonably well mannered, but once I was sitting in a tube train, wearing a hired morning suit and balancing a top hat on my knees. I had just been best man at a friend's wedding.

When I boarded the train at the terminus, only three other passengers were in the carriage, but after a few stops it filled up. At first I was not very conscious of my dress; now I was becoming very aware of the glances I was getting.

Steeled for stares

I breathed deeply and composed myself to sit the remainder of the journey in aristocratic indifference to the activities and identities of the people around me. But my self-elevated state was suddenly and violently collapsed. A scream of delight shattered the silence of the carriage.

"Look! There's old Mister Townsend. 'Allo, sir!"

Three of the senior girls who had been at St. Stephen's had got on at the last stop. They were all heavily made-up, high-heeled, trinketed and bursting with friendliness.

"'Ave a fag, sir!" insisted one, whose name I remembered was René.

"Been to a party?" shouted the second girl, shaking her blonde head.

"Remember that time you chased us round the science room 'cause we'd broken that glass?" screamed the third. I remembered.

"Put yer 'at on, sir," ordered René. "I bet you don't 'arf look smashin' in it!"

I coughed.

"You oughter come along with us to the Palais," they suggested.

I shook my head.

"'Ere's our stop!" they all discovered at once.

"Cheerio, Mister Townsend."

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," warned René.

They jostled and shouted themselves off the train. I waved a feeble goodbye. As the train pulled away they tapped on the window and blew kisses.

I closed my eyes.

I met another ex-pupil on my wedding anniversary. I took my wife to an excellent little restaurant in Chelsea.

As soon as we were comfortably seated a young dark-haired waiter came up.

I stared at him. It was Lugani—an Italian boy who had been in my form at the Blackstone Boys' School. He had been one of the most difficult pupils I'd ever encountered. I recalled that he'd told me once that his father owned a restaurant in Chelsea, but I had always thought it was some greasy little back-street café.

Did he recognize me, I wondered? If he did, he showed no sign. But he could hardly have forgotten. It was only a year since he had left.

"We'll have the Osso Buco—Italian style," I said, looking at him.

"Yes, sir," he nodded. He spoke in the same flat tone which I remembered he had always used in the classroom.

Memory of threats

He had never taken punishment well and it always ended with his uttering extravagant threats.

I explained to my wife who he was, and a little about his behaviour when he was at school.

"Your soup, madam," Lugani suddenly appeared at her elbow.

Course followed course with all the pleasure that good waiting can give. Everything was perfect.

Lugani appeared with the bill. I said how much we'd enjoyed the meal.

"Yes, sir," he said, accepting my praise, but seeming to mock me with the words. I felt sorry that he hadn't wanted to recognize me, but there it was.

I picked up the bill and opened it. Across the face of it had been scrawled: "On the house."

THE END

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BE PROUD OF YOUR HOME
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Bid for a Bargain

Buying at sales can be a sound proposition—once you know the ropes



SOME people are sales addicts. Others have never entered a sale-room in their lives. The successful addict will furnish an entire home with beautiful things at bargain prices. The rest of us may be too diffident or too suspicious to pick up such bargains for ourselves.

It is a mistake to suppose that only junk is sold in auction rooms or that dealers grab all that is worth having.

At big country house sales dealers do comb through everything pretty thoroughly, but in the sale-room or at small, house sales common sense and a little courage are all you need to become a successful bidder. Here are some hints for beginners:

Inspect everything in the sale on viewing day and decide which items interest you. The porter may be able to give you a rough idea of the price an item is likely to fetch. You have time, before the sale on the next day, to decide in your own mind how much you are prepared to bid.

Don't be tempted by a possible bargain unless it is something you need. Oddities which take your fancy are seldom worth buying unless you want to turn your house into a museum.

Don't assume that you will find only old things in sales. Nowadays you often get good Formica-topped tables or kitchen units in need of a coat of paint. Such things will be knocked down for a fraction of the price asked in a shop.

Don't be scared of the dealers. They usually bid for rare items, collector's pieces or complete sets of furniture or equipment. You may have a good chance of buying fine dining-room chairs either singly or two or three to match—excellent value to you or me but, unless the set of six is complete with the two carvers, the dealers won't touch them.

Oak, being rather unfashionable at the moment, goes cheaply and is often well worth buying.

I saw a beautiful oak chest of drawers recently for £10 and a charming chest in walnut for £12. An Edwardian maple dressing-table with cheval mirror and beautifully sliding drawers (always a sign of a good handmade piece) went for ten guineas.

Now for some other good buys: small side-tables, occasional tables or coffee tables in good condition are a sound investment and always in demand. Mirrors, too, are worth looking for.

Attractive old vases are worth buying to turn into table lamps. Old oil lamps, for the same purpose, are a rare find and are rapidly snatched up. Look for china—there are often excellent bargains in old English china. If, on viewing

day, you see a pleasant tea or dinner service look at the mark on the back, then find out from your local china shop whether this particular line is still in production and if replacements are obtainable. Next day at the sale you will know whether it is worth while to bid for the items offered.

Buy glass and table silver in the same way. Today few people entertain on such a scale that it is necessary to have the full dozen of each item. But unless the set is complete it does not fetch a high price.

A few words of warning: Beware of upholstered chairs or sofas, some may be stuffed with poor-grade padding instead of horsehair and won't last six months. You can usually tell horsehair stuffing by touch. It feels firm and springy, not dead and lumpy.

Beware of woodworm; it will spread to other pieces of furniture. Suspect worm if you find pinholes in any part of the furniture. If wood dust falls out of the holes when you tap the furniture, then the worm is probably active.

If you are looking for carpets be especially wary as you cannot unroll them to examine all the corners.

Tips for the wary

Much depends on the type of firm running the sale. There are firms which specialize in carpet sales and I know a woman who carpeted the whole of her large house at very little expense and with great luxury, entirely by buying at the sales run by one such firm.

Unless you are fairly expert be careful about buying electrical appliances. You can have no guarantee how long the electric iron will last or if the radio is on its last legs or if the toaster toasts.

Don't be tempted to buy a junky old piece that needs a lot of repair . . . it is hardly likely to be worth the expense; better to buy a good reproduction. In fact, a good reproduction is often excellent. A piece may be ninety-nine years old, but technically it is still a "reproduction."

A word about "lots." You may find that something you want is offered together with items of useless junk and you have to take the lot. Never mind; you can leave all that you don't require to be auctioned off at the next sale.

Final tip. . . Don't worry about the auctioneer missing your bid. Once he knows you are interested, he'll keep a watch on you. It is only the amateurs who stand up and wave their programmes frantically above their heads.

And if he looks at you to know if you are bidding up over the previous bidder, just shake your head once if you do not want to go higher, or nod if you do.



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The brink of danger

continued from page 24

his hands close to the iron casing, warming them. "The strange thing is," he said, "that Dumaine never mentions her once in that book. And yet the two parties started out from Davis Inlet within a few days of each other, and they were covering the same ground. I wonder whether they met?"

"It's hardly surprising he never mentions her," I said, "considering she'd accused his wife's brother of murder."

"Maybe." He seemed to go into a reverie, from which he suddenly roused himself. "Mackenzie's camped up by the trestle. Let's get moving."

I followed him out of the hut and climbed into the jeep. "Who's Mackenzie?" I asked as we drove off.

"Mackenzie, he's an Indian—acts as guide for the geologists. He may be willing to help you, he may not."

"Help me—how?" I asked.

"Mackenzie's never seen a lion," he said. The word means nothing to him. But he's seen that lake." His eyes were suddenly fixed on mine. "I take it that you haven't come all this way to sit on your fanny."

We drove along a slushy track until the trees thinned and we came out on to the banks of a river. And there was the trestle, a girder-like structure built of great pine baulks, striding across the grey stone flats of the river to the thump of a pile-driver. I asked Darcy how long he'd known that the Indian had found the lake.

"Couple of weeks, that's all," he answered. "It was just after Laroche came out. I was talking to Mackenzie about it, telling him the story of the old expedition—and when I mentioned Lake of the Lion, he asked what a lion was. He'd never seen one, of course, so I drew him a picture of a lion's head. He said he knew the lake."

We were now making our way into the thick scrub that edged the river. The going was rough until the scrub opened out in a small clearing and there was a weatherbeaten tent and a canoe and two Indians boys chopping firewood. Darcy forged ahead. I walked slowly into the clearing, where I found him already talking to Mackenzie.

"He thinks he could guide you to the lake all right," Darcy said as I came up. "But he doesn't want to leave now. He's hunting, and he needs the meat for the winter. Also it's a bad time of year for travelling."

"Yeah, bad time." The Indian nodded. "Very bad." He was a small, square man in a deer-hide jacket.

"How many days would it take to get to the lake?" Darcy asked him. "Laroche took five days coming out."

The man shrugged. "Bad time to go. Better you wait."

"He's right, of course," Darcy said, turning to me. "Any moment now you can expect the freeze-up."

"Yeah, wrong time." The Indian nodded. "You wait for winter, eh? Then you go on snow-shoe and water all frozen. Two-three day then."

PERHAPS I should have been thankful for the chance to back out. Instead I said: "Suppose we left tomorrow? It would only be five days." I turned to Darcy. "If my father's right, then there's a radio there. We could radio for a plane. Surely the freeze-up won't come in five days?"

"We can't answer that," he said. "It might be early, it might be late."

"I'll have to chance that," I said.

He stared at me hard for a moment, and then he nodded. "Okay," he said. "Leave it to me. You take a walk and I'll see what I can do."

A little reluctantly I strolled off along the bank, watching Darcy and the Indian out of the corner of my eye. At last Darcy came towards me. "Well?" I asked. "Will he go?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Maybe he will. He doesn't like it."

"Surely the weather can't change as suddenly as all that?"

"I don't think it's the weather that's bothering him," he said thoughtfully. "It's the place he doesn't like. Bad

place he calls it, and kept on talking about spirits."

"Did he find the lake recently?"

"No. It was a hunting trip two winters back, he said." He shook his head. "I can't understand it. I certainly wouldn't have thought Mackenzie superstitious. Maybe it was just an excuse. They're like that—they don't like to give a direct refusal. Oh well, I got work to do, I guess." He started back along the river bank. "You're to come and see him tomorrow. He'll give you his decision then."

I SAID: "That's too late. Now that we had started back I was remembering that instructions had been issued for me to be sent down to base."

But he looked back at me and said: "The company doesn't own Labrador, you know. It's only got concessions here. What I'm saying is nobody can stop you—if you really want to go."

He drove me back, setting me down near the camp. "I'll be back in about an hour," he said. "Then we'll see about kit and decide what's to be done. Somebody ought to go in with you." He drove off then to have a look at his survey team and I went down towards the camp, wondering whether in the end I'd be able to persuade him to come with me.

A bulldozer climbing the muddled slope out of the camp checked as it drew level with me, and a face like mahogany under a shapeless hat leaned down. "That Ray Darcy just dropped you off?" And when I nodded, he said: "Guess you must be Ferguson then. Somebody asking for you down at the camp. . . . Waiting for you at Ray's hut." The monstrous piece of machinery lurched off.

It could only be Lands—Laroche, too, probably. I'd have to face them sooner or later. I wished that Darcy were still with me.

I hesitated a moment at the door of Darcy's hut. And then, with a sudden

DREAMS—4

Dreaming is an act of pure imagination, attesting in all men a creative power which, if it were available in waking, would make every man a Dante or a Shakespeare.

F. H. Hedge

desire to get it over and done with, I pushed the door open.

My first thought was that the room was empty. When I went inside, everything was just as I'd left it. Then I saw the rucksack and boots and the figure lying in Darcy's bed, the blankets pulled up round the shoulders and the face turned to the wall so that only the black hair showed. I was so convinced it was Laroche that I was on the point of slipping out again. But at that moment the sleeper stirred.

She threw off the blankets and swung her legs out of bed. She was dressed in faded green corduroys and a thick bush shirt with a red check. "I thought perhaps you are gone for the day, so I went to sleep," she said.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"By plane—last night. I stopped off at Two-ninety, and from there I hitch a ride in a truck. I am here just after you leave with Ray."

Her feet were encased in thick woollen socks. The socks and the heavy boots under the bed had a purposeful look. My gaze shifted to the rucksack. It was the sort of pack a man would take for a week's hike through mountains. A fishing rod lay beside it and a rawhide belt with hunting knife and axe, and a thick polo-necked sweater and a leather jacket.

"How did you find me?" I asked.

"If you don't believe Albert's story," she said, "then you must come here. It is the nearest camp to where he



came out of the bush. Also Ray Darcy is the man who brought him to the aircraft." She got up. "You still think my father is alive, don't you?"

The way she said it, it was an accusation, and I knew then that she hated me. She hated me for the choice I was forcing on her, and I couldn't blame her. She was torn between love of Laroche and of her father, and I had forced the loyalties into conflict.

"You don't answer," she said.

"How can I?" I said. "I don't know. I couldn't possibly be certain."

She got my meaning at once. "Of course not. But he was alive when—when Albert left him. You're certain of that, aren't you? What are you going to do now?"

I hesitated. But if I were going to do anything more about it, she'd a right to know. "There's a chance we may be able to locate the lake."

"Lake of the Lion?"

"Yes, I hope to start tomorrow."

"You!" Her voice was suddenly incredulous. "But you cannot possibly go in by yourself. Besides, Albert has flown in twice by helicopter and each time he has failed to find it."

I realized then that she hadn't considered the possibility that he might not want to find it.

"I'm not going in alone," I said. And I told her about the Indian and how he'd recognized the lake from Darcy's drawing of a lion. "But I don't know yet whether he'll go. He's scared of the place. He's going to let me know tomorrow."

"I know him," she cried. "He was guide to my father three years back." She sat down on the bed and reached for her boots. "Where is he camped?" she demanded. "We must move fast."

She had said "we," and I knew then what that pile of gear meant. She intended to come in with us, and my heart sank. If, when we got there, my fears were confirmed, its effect on her didn't bear thinking about.

"He probably won't agree to go," I said.

"He'll go if I ask him," she said.

A car drew up outside. "Here's Darcy," I said, feeling relieved.

But it wasn't Darcy. The latch clicked, the hut door was flung back, and Laroche stood there facing me.

He didn't see the girl at first. "I was told I should find you here," he said, and the dark eyes seemed unnaturally bright. "I have something to tell you—something I felt I should tell you myself. We've decided—"

He saw her then and stopped, his face frozen. "Paule!" The surprise on his face turned to an expression that I can only describe as one of horror. Then he slammed the door to and strode across the room towards her, suddenly talking in a furious spate of words.

I didn't understand what he said, for he was speaking in French, but

Paule Briffe was answering him, standing very still and tense. The anger in him seemed suddenly to flicker out. And he turned to me. "What have you been telling her?"

I hesitated. I could feel their hostility, both of them hating me for coming between them with unanswerable facts.

"Well?" Laroche's voice trembled.

"There's an Indian," I said nervously, "camped up beyond the trestle. He says—"

"Mackenzie. Yes, I know about him. We met Darcy down the Tote Road and he told us. You were thinking of going in with him, weren't you? To try and find Lake of the Lion?"

I wondered what was coming.

"Well, I guess there's nothing else for it." His breath came out in a little sigh. "I don't understand you," he murmured, "why you are so determined. But it doesn't matter now. I'm going in with you."

THERE was no elation in me, only a sudden inexplicable sense of fear. What had made him change his mind?

"I talked it over with Bill Lands driving up this morning," he went on. "We agreed that I should try and back-track my route out."

"Then you're not going to try and stop me?" I was still bewildered by his change of attitude.

"Why should I?"

He smiled. Somehow I found that more deadly than his anger, and I knew I didn't want to go with him.

It was a strange thing but, now that the opposition had crumbled, all I wanted to do was to get out of this desolate country and go home and forget about the whole thing. But I couldn't do that—not now; and I asked: "When did you think of starting?"

"First light tomorrow. That is, if Mackenzie agrees to guide us." He turned to Paule Briffe again. I think he was trying to dissuade her from coming, for I saw an obstinate look come into her face. "Excuse us a minute," Laroche said. "I have to talk to Paule alone." And they went outside, closing the door behind them.

I could just hear their voices. They were arguing in French and gradually the tone of his voice changed. He was pleading with her. And then suddenly there was silence. I went to the window just in time to see them climb into the car and drive off.

The sense of fear was still with me, so that my whole body felt chilled, and I went over to the stove and piled more wood on and stood there, warming myself. But the heat couldn't drive out a coldness that came from nerves. I had what I can only describe as a premonition—a premonition of disaster.

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NEXT WEEK: Why is Laroche trying to lead us away from Lake of the Lion?



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We advise...

SOME weeks ago I bought a return rail ticket costing nearly £5. The clerk entered all particulars of my ticket in his records. Shortly before I was due to make the return journey I lost my ticket in a remote country village, and I informed the chief ticket collector at the station from which I was to return and the collector at the other station. I was told that a careful watch would be kept in case the ticket was handed in and I was allowed to travel without paying again. The divisional superintendent now advises me that, as the ticket has not been found, I must pay again. Is this correct?—J. G., Thornaby-on-Tees.

● As the authorities have watched for the missing ticket to be handed in, they have no further obligation and, unless you can produce a ticket in accordance with their regulations, payment can be claimed for the journey you took.

BATHROOM BONUS

CAN I get a grant towards installing a bathroom in an old house? Would my assessed rental be affected?—Miss M. B., Glasgow, S.1.

● Improvement grants are not available to a tenant, but if you make improvements which raise the gross rateable value of the house which you rent, it does not follow that your landlord can base the rent on the higher value.

You should serve a notice asking your landlord to agree to a deduction from the new gross value for the purposes of the 1957 Rent Act. This is done on Form T, available from book-sellers or stationers.

If you and your landlord cannot agree, either can ask the county court to decide the issue on the basis of a calculation by the local valuation officer.

CONSTANT DAMP AND COLD

BOTH bedrooms in my bungalow have the usual ventilation holes built in the walls. While I realize these are there for a definite purpose, the draught which comes through in winter makes the bedrooms damp and cold. Would there be any danger to the property if I bricked up these holes?—F. T. M., Orpington, Kent.

● There would be no danger to the property; in fact London building regulations have now been changed so that vents are necessary only in bathrooms and underground rooms.

You should check with your local public health authority what regulations are in force in your area.

FROST EDITION

HOW can I prevent my windscreen freezing up when I leave my car in the open all day?—J. R., Newton Mearns, Renfrewshire.

● Spread a newspaper across the windscreen, keeping it in position by tucking it under the wiper blades.

TIME TO HARVEST

I HAVE some savings certificates I bought in 1940 and somebody has told me that they are not earning interest now. Shall I cash them and, if so, how can I best reinvest the money?—M. W., Ashton-under-Lyne.

● Your certificates are still earning interest and the rate is 3½d. every six months. If you cash them and reinvest

in the latest issue you would obtain a much better yield.

You should, of course, ensure that you are within the maximum holding of one thousand certificates costing £750.

CAPITAL TENANT

TWO years ago I let my house completely furnished for £2 15s. per week, out of which I pay all rates, ground rent, etc., which leaves me roughly £2 per week. The tenant is now going to buy the house and furniture for £1,700, and I would like to know whether income tax is payable on this.—F. F., Great Missenden.

● In the circumstances you describe there will be no income tax liability on the proceeds of the sale of either the house or the contents.

COURTING CASH

HAS the Act whereby employers can deduct maintenance allowances from employees' salaries come into operation? If so, what is the procedure for dependants to adopt if the maintenance ceases or is lower than that ordered by the court?—J. W., Liverpool.

● The Maintenance Orders Act, 1958, has received Royal Assent, and courts will soon be able to attach earnings of

defaulters under maintenance orders.

Application for enforcement will be made to the court where the original order was made. This applies to high court as well as magistrates' court orders.

NOT REALLY TAXED

I AM seventy years old and draw a retirement pension of £2 10s. a week and £1 10s. a week for my wife. Are these pensions taxable?—J. J., Old Woking.

● The pensions are taxable, but if your total income is below £440 you will not actually have any tax liability.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

WHEN my wife and I were on holiday our cat was placed in the care of a vet. It escaped by biting through a layer of stout wire. It was a lovely Persian and we have offered a reward with no success. Can we claim compensation from the vet?—M. M., Chichester.

● Assuming that you paid for the cat to be cared for, the vet would have to take all reasonable care of it, but he cannot be held liable for its escape unless there is evidence to show that he was negligent.

TAKE THE HIRE ROAD

UNDER what conditions can a friend and I hire a motor-scooter?—A. B., Wimbledon.

● Most firms make it a condition that the hirer is over twenty-one and has held a full driving licence for at least twelve months prior to the date of hiring. Typical charges are 18s. per day, £6 per week, £10 15s. per fortnight.

For these charges you are allowed to travel one hundred miles a day, five hundred miles a week or 850 miles a fortnight.

For distances over those limits the

charge is 2d. a mile extra. A £10 deposit is usually required on each machine.

OLD FRIENDS' ACT?

I WANT to have one or two people personally known to me considered for the honours list, but I have no idea of how names are submitted.—A. G. B., Hertford.

● The names of people to be considered for honours can be brought to the notice of the Prime Minister through your local authority or Lord Lieutenant of the county.

You may also write direct to the Premier at Downing Street, although this is not the usual procedure.

ESCAPE FLAWS

SINCE buying my house I have discovered that the roof is defective and the walls are damp. The man who sold it did not tell me this. Can I sue him?—P. J., Kilburn, London.

● No. The law does not oblige the seller of a house to disclose its defects.

BACK TO THE LAND

NEXT year I hope to return to England, but would like to continue the open-air life I have enjoyed in Africa. Is it possible for me to learn farming from scratch, so that I could settle and work in England?—Miss S. P., Nyasaland, Central Africa.

● Get in touch with the Ministry of Labour, 8 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. There is a general training scheme in agriculture for men and women over eighteen years of age without previous experience. It provides twelve months' training on farms free of charge.

Biggest demand is for people in milk and meat production, but training is available in most branches of farming. All trainees are paid a weekly allowance during their course.

FAVOURITE SLANT

CAN you put me in touch with someone who could help me study the art of italic writing?—C. P., Exeter, Devon.

● Write to the secretary of the Society for Italic Handwriting. His address is 51 Cholmeley Park, London, N.1.

YOU'RE WELCOME

WILL an international driving licence issued by the Maltese authorities allow me to drive unaccompanied on the roads in Britain?—A. T., Valletta, Malta.

● A person in possession of a current international driving permit or a national driving permit issued in another country is authorized to drive in Britain while that permit is valid without having to apply for a British driving licence.

This authorization is limited to twelve months, after which you may apply for a visitor's driving licence which, if issued, is valid for a maximum of a further twelve months.

Subsequently, a driver must take out a provisional licence and undergo a driving test for a British licence.

THAT CERTAIN SMILE

I LIKE meeting people and would like to train as a receptionist. Can you tell me how to go about it?—Miss K. S., Acton, London.

● There are no training schemes for receptionists. Large travel agencies employ receptionists in their offices in this country and in hotels abroad. Some also employ women couriers for their holiday tours.

Qualifications include foreign languages, tact, a warm personality, a good general education and some first-hand knowledge of foreign countries. There are long waiting lists for this work, but casual vacancies occur from time to time.

To be considered you should write to the Personnel Manager, Thomas Cook & Son, 45 Berkeley Street, London, W.1, or the British Travel and Holidays Association, 64 St. James's Street, S.W.1.

Other big firms are listed in the classified directories.

Cosy cure for cold feet

OUR kitchen floor is of old quarry tiles in fair condition, though a little uneven and cracked in places. But they are terribly cold to the feet. Can you suggest what I could lay over them to make the floor warmer without taking the tiles up?—L. M. G., Bath.

● An excellent solution to this problem is a layer of Vynoleum, a plastic-faced, felt-backed floorcovering which costs 14s. a square yard. It is available from dealers and made by The Adamaite Company, 94 Petty France, S.W.1.

Fixed with adhesive or laid loose, it will adapt itself to slight unevenness. It can also be laid on a cement floor, as in our picture.





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